

THE FAITH
OF A LAYMAN

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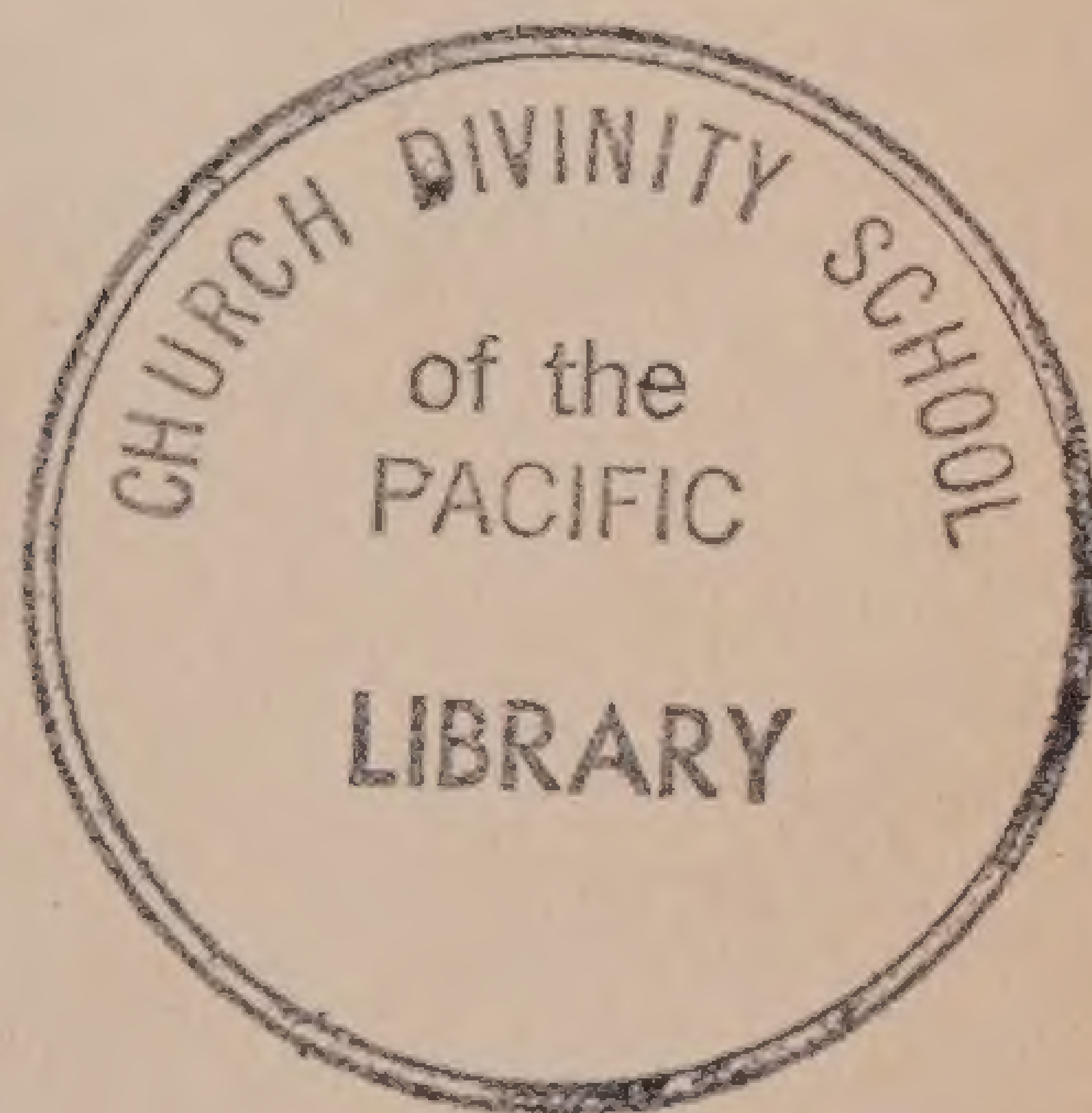
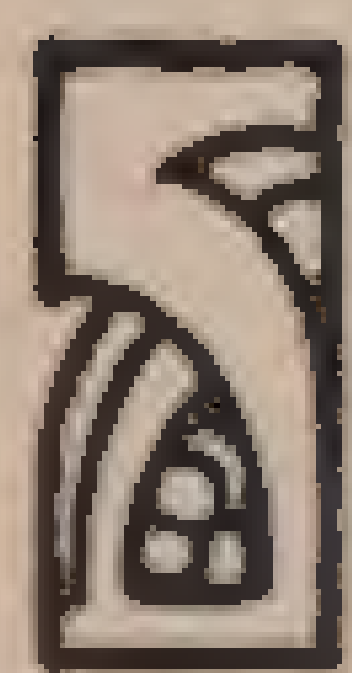
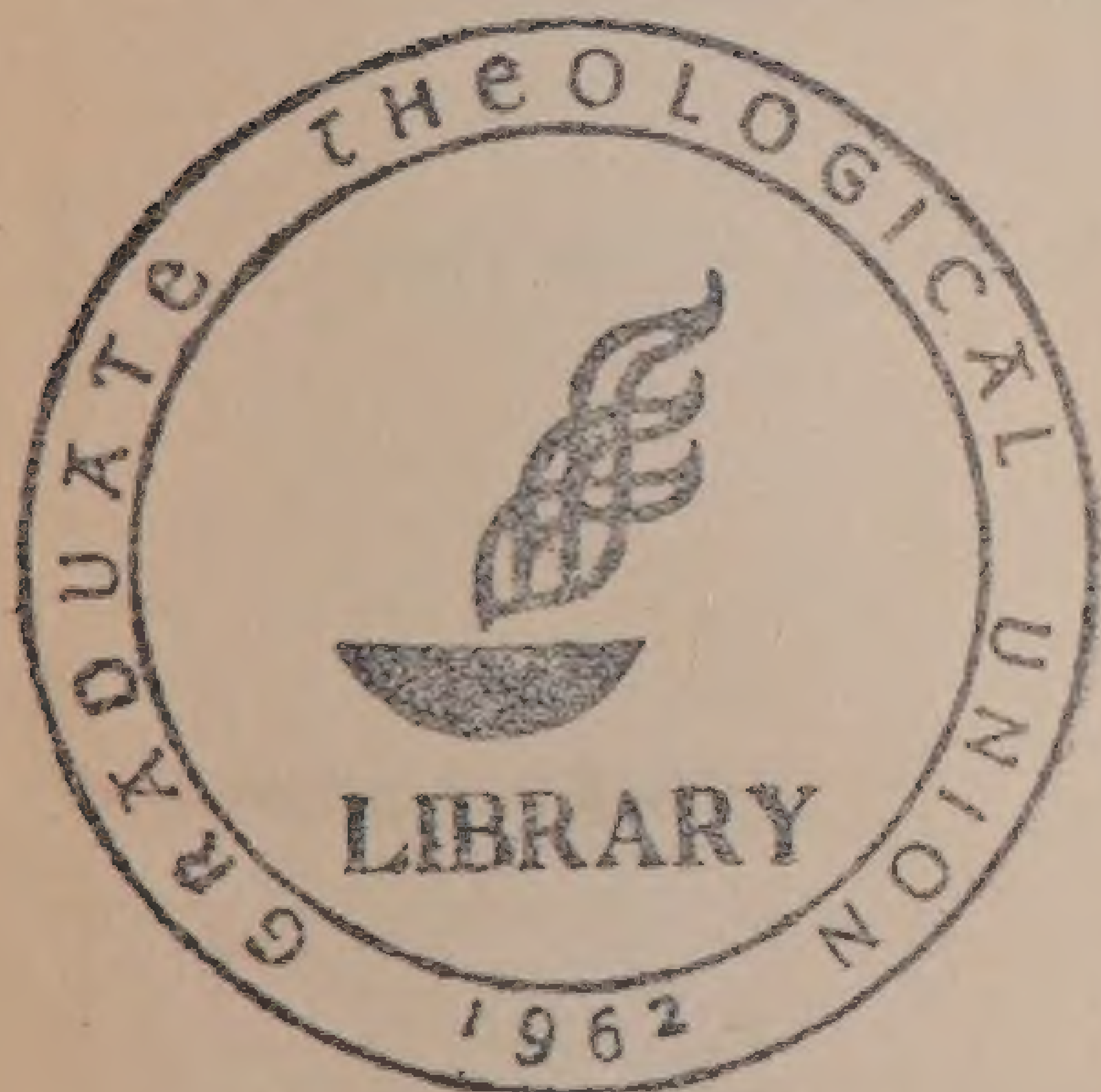
THE FAITH OF A LAYMAN

STUDIES IN THE RECOIL FROM
A PROFESSIONALIZED RELIGION

BY

WILLIAM FREDERICK OSBORNE, M.A.

Author of "The Genius of Shakespeare," etc.



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TO MY FRIEND
GEORGE JOHN BLEWETT,
WHOSE NOBLE VOLUME,
"THE STUDY OF NATURE AND THE VISION OF GOD,"
AND WHOSE WHOLE COLLEGIATE LABOUR
OFFER UNCOMPROMISING PROTEST
AGAINST THE SLIPSHOD AND THE
INSINCERE,
THIS BOOK IS, WITH RESPECT, INSCRIBED

PREFACE

THE essay that in my view indicates the purpose of this volume is the one entitled, "Christianity and the Social Crisis." This, while bearing in part the air of a review, is such only in semblance. What I have really done has been to make Professor Rauschenbusch's stimulating book a point of departure for the registering of my own judgment on some of the causes that have led, I shall certainly not say to the absolute, but I will say to the relative, impotence of the Church in contemporary society. That impotence, even if only relative to the Church's superb potentiality—in other words, to the standard set up by the Church herself—is deeply to be regretted. No lover of Christianity can let it persist without protest. The sacrosanct manner in the pulpit and in the pew, coupled with the tyranny of traditional views and the staleness of conventional language, has, in no small measure, brought

it to pass that the Church is to-day suffering, in her comparative powerlessness, a punishment which, in complete fairness, should have been visited only upon sheer insincerity. I am persuaded that the prospects of practical or applied Christianity were never brighter. The simple, yet sublime Faith founded by Jesus is to-day challenging with unequalled quietness, yet with unequalled urgency and power to command response, the consciences and the lives of men. On the other hand, I am full of fear, unless she sees to it that her whole expressional life is vitalised by a new conviction, a new heroism, and a new passion of sincerity, that the future of the Church, as such, on this continent at any rate, was never so insecure. The bulk of the remainder of the volume is in tacit harmony with this point of view.

W. F. O.

Winnipeg.

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THE FAITH OF A LAYMAN

I

CHRISTIANITY AND THE SOCIAL CRISIS

MOST, if not all, of the works that have been regarded as the chief authorities on the social relations of Christianity have recently been superseded by a book, written with the above title, by Walter Rauschenbusch, Professor of Church History in Rochester Theological Seminary. It is a remarkably stimulating book. It either treats or broaches a multitude of the subjects that must challenge the attention of all those who are either specifically concerned with Christianity or more generally concerned with the amelioration of social conditions. It is at once constructive and destructive ; at once optimistic and critical. Between the Scylla of cheap

approval and the Charybdis of galling criticism the author steers an honourable and successful course. The analysis is as keen as a razor, and yet it would be hard to recall a single touch of bitterness. This matter of spirit or temper is a point of capital importance in a book of this kind. To show that Rauschenbusch, while keenly alive to anomalies, does not take a jaundiced view, let his closing paragraph be quoted :—

“ Last May a miracle happened. At the beginning of the week the fruit trees bore brown and greenish buds. At the end of the week they were robed in bridal garments of blossom. But for weeks and months the sap had been rising and distending the cells and maturing the tissues which were half ready in the fall before. The swift unfolding was the culmination of a long process. Perhaps these nineteen centuries of Christian influence have been a long preliminary stage of growth, and now the flower and the fruit are almost here. If at this juncture we can rally sufficient religious faith and moral strength to snap the bonds of evil and turn the present unparalleled economic and intellectual re-

sources of humanity to the harmonious development of a true social life, the generations yet unborn will mark this as that great day of the Lord for which the ages waited, and count us blessed for sharing in the apostolate that proclaimed it."

On the very threshold of the consideration of this question of the social aspects and responsibilities of religion lies the momentous distinction between the priest and the prophet. The priest was, and is, the representative in religion of the status quo. His whole passion is to preserve the past, or at any rate, the present as the faithful and undisturbing outcome of the past. He represents the machine. He is the embodiment of officialism. He is never really agitated. He does not waste his substance. He does not wear himself out. He is a complacent part of the recognised system of things. He is never horrified by a glimpse of the abyss that yawns between the ideal and the actual. He is not a disturbing element. He never ruffles people. There is no reproach in his manner. He is opaque to anomalies. The prophet, on the other hand, is the precursor and the

apostle of a new day. He is the leader of causes, which, in many cases, are for the moment forlorn. He never loses his faith. His equanimity in the midst of set-backs is like marble. He sees down long vistas, and his vision takes in wholes. He smiles gently when some impulsive friend tells him that there is no use fighting any longer, that all is lost. The instant the triumph of a righteous policy becomes assured, the instant its advocacy is espoused by large numbers—in a word, the instant it becomes popular, he passes on to the promotion of a new one, not because he is fickle, but because he feels assured of the outcome. The prophet is thus essentially a solitary man. For long his voice is like that of one crying in the wilderness. Then at last the multitude sweeps his way, and lo ! he is already far distant, calling to new issues and storming new breaches. The prophet bears with the multitude, the priest fawns on it. The priest magnifies the strength of any given situation, glossing over the weakness of it. The prophet raises the hand of warning, and directs the full gaze on the points that are vulnerable. The

priest thinks he is the friend of society ; the prophet is such. The priest makes people feel comfortable ; the prophet, by the mere emanation that proceeds from his personality, if nothing else, makes them feel ill at ease. Institutions, races, religions will always keep on making, saving and vitalising adjustments if they listen to their prophets : they will sink into death if they hearken to their priests. It is remarkable the way the priestly and the prophetic tempers abide : the priest and the prophet are always with us. The distinction between them is something elementary in nature. It is highly interesting to try to classify preachers and other leaders and moulders of opinion in the light of this principle. Of course, life is not all white or all black. Men are complex, and we must not be too cavalier in our judgments. But in general terms, it is safe to say : Prize your prophets, and condemn your priests.

The question also emerges early : is Religion, rightly regarded, a public or a private thing ? Rauschenbusch points out that, to begin with, Religion was tribal, national, social, rather than individual. The Hebrew

religion in particular, to which our minds naturally turn, became individualistic only when the nation fell upon evil days. Jeremiah was the first of the prophets to sound the personal note. As supporting the purely interior, individualistic view of religion we hear such statements as these: Out of the heart are the issues of life. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. If a man's heart is pure, his life will be beyond impeachment. In a state all of whose citizens were absolutely good, there would be few, if any, wrongs to be made right. Again, no change in mere habitat can really change a man's character: character is more important than environment. The old adage "Out of my country and myself I go" rarely holds good. You may with ease go out of your country. Only with great difficulty will you go out of yourself. These are type statements on the side of the subjective view. But, on the other hand, much may be said by way of emphasising the public and objective character of religion. It is possible that latterly—perhaps most notably since the Methodist Revival of the eighteenth century, but, to a considerable

degree, ever since the Protestant Reformation—religion has been made too much a matter of introspection. We have laid too little emphasis upon simple good conduct and right relations. Faith has taken the step too completely as compared with good works. We have got into the habit of not thinking as vividly as we should that, after all, a Christian's first duty is to be a good father, a good husband, a good friend, a good citizen, and the like. Burrowing in one's own vitals is a very subsidiary part of practical Christianity. There is only one step between introspection and brooding; and brooding is one of the most weakening foes of the soul. There is scarcely a step between introspection and selfishness; and selfishness is the polar opposite of Christianity. One of the best antidotes to viciousness is ordinary industry and activity. Even Christianity must avail itself of the assistance of this law. A most crucial question is: Shall our religion be a matter of spiritual vivisection, or shall it be a matter of sane activity?

Whether or not the Christian minister, let us say, is to be free to comment according

to his lights upon the tendencies and implications of organised society, is a question tremendously important. So much is evident, that the man, now, who lays hand, in any surgeon-like way, on vested interests, runs the risk of being penalised. All the world knows what is meant by vested interests. Vested interests may be a matter of property, a matter of politics, a matter of education, a matter of religion. Lay your hand on any of them, and it will go hard but you will be penalised. There are modern ways of penalising. A man does not need to be hanged on a tree or to be burned at the stake in order to be penalised. Things are done much more skilfully and subtly nowadays. And too often, much too often, the man that is penalised is precisely the man that ought to be honoured.

There are two types of men, especially in the Church, who are most strictly differentiated. The one is as admirable as the other is despicable. At least that remark would be wholly true, if the respective types were to be found in absolute purity. The one is never content with generalities. He

has a passion for present righteousness, and strives to make it prevail. He is often concrete and nearly always direct. When he has the warrant, or perhaps one should rather say, the impulse of his conscience, he is careless of consequences. The other is a sidestepper. He dreads frontal attacks. He has his ear to the ground. He has his eye on the main chance. He is the apostle of expediency. If he is a preacher or a minister he takes on the easily recognised features of the sleek ecclesiastic ; and than the sleek ecclesiastic there is scarcely any more fundamentally unchristian figure. It is time we awoke to a realisation of the fact that some of the darling children of the Church deserve far more fitly to be called the children of this world. Nourished in the very bosom of the Church they are, save for forms and symbols, virtual pagans ; as uninfluenced in the practical conduct of life, especially in the exigencies that try their essential quality, as if they were heathens.

One cannot think in this vein without referring to the proprietary attitude, which is one of the banes of society. The young

men of this country should make it their pride to join hands to stamp this under foot. It is essentially vulgar ; and it is the subtlest foe to freedom. There is no more hateful manifestation of it than the form it sometimes assumes in connection with Church Boards of Management. The scene that Dawson pictures in his " Prophet in Babylon " is not a caricature. It is a horrible thing for a preacher to feel that he is not free. That he must dance to others' piping. That there are realms positively forbidden. That there are views that must not be traversed. That he is being subjected to the most sordid standards of judgment. That he must produce obvious, tangible results or be slated out of hand as a failure. There is nothing so calculated to keep representative young men out of the ministry as the subtle or tacit implication that, too often, the preacher is a thing owned, a man not free. If we would have a great nation, we must have a vital Church. We cannot have a vital Church unless we have a powerful pulpit. The pulpit cannot be powerful unless it is free. The preacher must know, vividly know, that he is emanci-

pated. His life must be pure. His motives must be single. His thinking must be honest. His industry must be unquestioned. But beyond that—nothing. The concession must be made. Thought and speech must be made and left as free and liberal “as the encasing air.”

Reference was made above to the distinction between the priest and the prophet : let me now advert to the distinction between the optimist and the pessimist. Optimism, as a prevailing temper, is right : pessimism, as a prevailing temper, is wrong. The optimist gets on ; the pessimist fails. People flock to the optimist, and shun the pessimist. And yet it must be remembered that the best friend of society, or of the nation, or of institutions, is not always the one that praises. He always thinks he is the best friend. He lays his hand upon his breast, and calls Heaven to witness that he is such. And, unluckily, many even shrewd people take him at his own rating. The Hebrew prophets were not optimists in this superficial sense, any more than they were pessimists in the peevish sense. They laid their hand

on sores. They diagnosed disease. But, of course, their hands were loving as well as firm ; their temper was solicitous as well as relentless. They lifted male voices of warning, not shrill cries of recrimination. But the Hebrew prophet would not be popular to-day. He would not get on. He would not know the secret of "the glad hand." The man that "gets on" is, too often, the man that sidles up. The platitudinous eulogiser of the status quo is the man that moves forward ; and, as often as not, he does it in a sort of tacking, zigzag, even feline, way. With infinite exactitude he surveys the stretch of ground that is to be covered, before the next place of power is reached. He estimates the risks and balances the advantages. His step is furtive, not manly ; and when he delivers a blow that wears the air of directness, he looks about knowingly to see whether or not he is, as he undoubtedly thinks he should be, the cynosure of all observation. His mind is commonplace : he shocks no one. His language is trite : he startles no one. His success means the triumph of mediocrity eked out with cunning.

In his chapter entitled "The Social Aims of Jesus" Rauschenbusch points out that the chief business of Jesus was the proclamation and establishment of the Kingdom of God. By the Kingdom of God he meant a social organism based upon and pervaded by the principles of practical righteousness. The Jews had long been familiar with the term, the Kingdom of God ; but the content of the term was totally different in their mind from what it was as it figured in the mind of Jesus. They thought, for one thing, that it would be ushered in in some catastrophic way—with heave of earthquake or with flash of lightning. Jesus knew that the establishment of the Kingdom would be a matter of infinitely slow and painful growth. And in this how completely was He in accord with our best thought. *Natura nil facit per saltus* : Nature does nothing by leaps and bounds. This is true in the spiritual domain as it is elsewhere. A man may be converted, as we say, in an instant—that is, the tendency or direction of his life may be changed suddenly and definitively. But with equal positiveness, it may be asserted that the

total conquest of his character or nature, to the end that he may be completely dominated by the principles of righteousness, is a task for which a whole lifetime or even a whole eternity is not too long. In this thought of the slowness of the triumph of righteousness there is ground for comfort as well as for depression. It leads us to look closely, and then we see that in point of fact the Kingdom of God is being established on every hand. Every time the community as a whole asserts its right of investigation and control over the operations of private and possibly predatory capital ; every time a municipality takes a step forward in promoting the education of its children or the health of the people ; every time the middle walls of partition between sects and classes tumble down—in all such apparently unrelated matters we may see evidence of the gradual incoming of the Kingdom of God.

In the chapter on “ The Social Impetus of Christianity ” Rauschenbusch signalises the extent to which the conduct of the early Christians was dominated by the expectation of the speedy return of Jesus. How infinitely

pathetic it must have been to see that hope gradually fade ! Long, long since the overwhelming proportion of the Christian world has resigned itself to the realisation that the present order of things will last indefinitely.

The organisation of the primitive Church was extremely simple. It really, from one point of view, amounted to a little band of men and women, who were content to make temporary arrangements, awaiting the speedy return of their leader. The basis of their relationship was mutual generosity and helpfulness, not communism. They did not own property in common. Rather, each contributed voluntarily. This is illustrated by the one meal they ate together each day. To this repast each family brought its quota. There was no distinction between clergy and laity. A pause may be made here to hint that we are swinging in this direction to-day. The contemporary tendency is away from clericalism. Anything that suggests a class professionally devoted to religion is more and more repugnant to the modern mind. One of our chief debts to a man like R. J. Campbell arises from the strong, even

if indirect, emphasis with which he has preached the gospel that the efficient minister of the future will be increasingly the man who minimises rather than accentuates the difference between himself and his people. The bishop in the early Church was little more than the supervisor of the Church's charitable and benevolent activities. And such activities constituted the chief part of the work of the Church. When we remember what a predominant part is taken to-day by mere "meetings" as such, it is with something of a shock that we realise that the primitive organisation concerned itself chiefly with the relief of distress, the feeding of the hungry, care for the sick, the prevention of poverty, and so on.

Perhaps the most important chapter in this remarkable book is the one in which Rauschenbusch answers the question, "Why has the Church never undertaken the task of Social Reconstruction?" To begin with, he points out the difference between the conditions which obtained in the days of primitive Christianity and those which prevail to-day. For one thing the early Christians

looked for the prompt return of Christ. This would mean the immediate creation of ideal conditions. Why then struggle laboriously to change what would in any event pass in an instant? Anyone can see that this would naturally make for passivity. The unfortunate thing is that, in the main, the Church has persisted in her policy of social passivity even though the passage of time has forced her to change completely her view with regard to the second coming of Christ. Then, further, the early Christian leaders like Paul were estopped from efforts after social amelioration by the Argus-eyed vigilance of the Roman Empire. Their lives would not have been worth an instant's purchase had they moved in this direction. Again we have persisted in their quiescence although the conditions, in this regard also, have almost completely, at any rate most substantially, changed.

Why has the Church, all down the ages, remained relatively passive in the presence of objective anomalies? Rauschenbusch adduces a number of reasons. I shall enumerate them as he does, but comment upon them from my own point of view.

(1) One reason has been the emphasis she has laid on Otherworldliness. Note that this is essentially a Roman Catholic invention. The Hebrew religion took little cognisance of the life beyond the grave. Primitive Christianity took still less. It concerned itself frankly with this life. It was Roman Catholic Christianity that shifted the emphasis. Throughout the Middle Ages the eyes of men were turned away from this world. This world was a bad place. This life was an undesirable thing. And the business of the Church was to get men ready for the life to come. Everybody knows, for example, that this attitude was reflected in the art of the Middle Age. From this view Protestant Christianity is only now in course of emancipating itself. And it is well particularly for the clergy to realise how far the pendulum of the thought of the man in the street has swung away from what are called Transcendental Sanctions. Broadly speaking, the average modern Protestant spends little time thinking about Heaven. The typical Protestant Christian believes, in a practical fashion, that the best way to get ready for

the next life is to do one's duty in the life that now is. Outside the wish not to be parted from one's dear ones the whole appeal that is based on the Future Life is to-day virtually powerless. During a recent revival campaign I heard one address on the subject "Eternity Where?" I do not remember ever having been in a meeting more smitten with impotence. The divorce between speaker and audience was absolute. This divorce was due to the fact that the speaker was working a vein that is exhausted. The effort here is not to establish the position that the belief in Immortality is weakened. But the concept of Christianity is becoming increasingly present and practical. To revert for a moment, it is easy to see how this emphasis on the next life as opposed to the present would militate, and in the actual event has militated, against effort after social reconstruction.

(2) Another cause tending in the same direction has been Overchurchliness. To the extent that the Church regards herself as an end and not as a means, she is shorn of power. It is only when she is militant and ministrant that she is powerful. Whenever she becomes

engrossed in her own organisation as such, she defeats her own objects.

(3) Asceticism and Monasticism have had a similar effect. Rauschenbusch makes the exceedingly practical, not to say brutal, point that the failure of hundreds and thousands of the chosen men and women of Europe to have families, itself tended to unfit the Church for the robust and gallant task of Social Reconstruction. The children of such unions would have been precisely the ones who might have been expected to address themselves to this noble task, in other words, who would have refused to tolerate the persistence of social inequities.

(4) Sacramentalism or Ritualism has had the same tendency. The more elaborate the ritual, the more soporific the effect. In spite of apparent exceptions, such as that offered by the social settlement activity of the High Church branch of the Church of England, this is a proposition that appeals to the ordinary judgment. Because, after all, Ritualism is machinery ; the more a Church is engrossed with machinery, the more nearly stripped it is of social power.

(5) The disappearance of Christian Democracy, too, to the extent of its influence, has administered a quietus to the effort after social betterment. The growth of absolutism is inimical to the activity and the power of the whole body. Either in Church or state, wherever power is concentrated the general body grows inactive. The chief instance of this Cæsarism in the Church is of course the Papacy. But it obtains in principle wherever you have a graded hierarchy. In general terms it is hard to resist the conclusion that Episcopacy is radically and fundamentally unchristian. The very concept of a Prince, even of a Dignitary, of the Church, is repugnant to the genius of Christianity. How you can have a Prelacy without having adulation and obsequiousness, with their inevitable effects upon all save the most towering and select natures, one fails to see. Between the figure of a Prince of the Church and the figure of the lowly Founder of Christianity, what an abyss yawns! This is a conclusion that must appeal to all fresh and detached minds. There can be no legislation on the basis of all men being like St.

Francis of Assisi. Human nature being what it is, a Hierarchy is ruinous to the virginal simplicity of Christianity. Only, let not what for convenience may be called the Nonconformist churches think that they escape entirely in this regard. Again, human nature being what it is, every system, no matter how apparently democratic, goes as far as it possibly can in the contrary direction. Our Nonconformist churches all have their quota of men who would be Cæsars if they could, who, in a word, exhaust the capacities of their respective organisations in this particular. Let us oppose Cæsarism wherever it shows itself; and whenever we thus oppose it, whether in the Church or out of it, we may be sure that we are fighting the battle of the masses, that we are doing our best to equip the masses to do the work that the masses alone can do. Embattled anomalies and inequities can be put to rout only by the full co-operant force of free, active, and enlightened Democracies.

The hope of the world lies in the triumph of Christianity—in her practical triumph, that is to say, in the lives of individuals and in

the fabric of society. Christianity comes to us with no axe to grind, with no selfish end to serve. Christianity is at once simple and ultimate, at once subtle and feasible, at once penetrating and expansive. The Church is the organised form of Christianity. Always it must be a question of tremendous importance whether or not the Church is truly representative of Christianity, whether or not she is proving herself truly effective. Now it is safe to say that multitudes of thoughtful and sympathetic men to-day are depressed by the fear that, to far too great a degree, the Church is only marking time, that she is not forging ahead as she ought to forge ahead, that she is not leading where she ought to lead, that she is not attacking where she ought to attack, in brief that she is stricken with a strange paralysis. Let us now enter on an unpretentious but somewhat systematic analysis of what may be conceived to be some of the leading evidences and causes of the relative impotence of the Church as she operates among us.

Conviction is chiefly what makes men and movements great. Conviction glorifies men,

and transforms the ordinary into the extraordinary. The tidal law of ebb and flow seems to apply to ages ; and it is beyond question that latterly we have been passing through a period largely denuded of religious intensity. Speaking in the mass, we have temporarily, at any rate, lost our sense of the great spiritual values and entities.

A somewhat superficial but still striking evidence of this fact is found in the conditions surrounding what is called "evangelistic work " to-day. It is within the mark to say that the ministry of the Church in these times is haunted and depressed by its thought and anxiety with respect to conversion. When one uses this language one is intentionally paying a tribute to the conscientiousness of the clergy. They know that conversions, that is to say, fairly obvious changes of heart and life, should attend their ministry. And yet conversion, in this recognisable sense, has virtually vanished. When this is said, of course, a certain number of estimable people are at once in arms. There is scarcely anything in the Church stranger than the disposition of certain men to protest indig-

nantly against statements that represent what in the eyes of the overwhelming majority are absolute facts. One does not impugn the motives of such men. One rather admires their fidelity, while at the same time one marvels at their persistence and their blindness. The average man and the average minister knows that this is true: that conversion as a present and pervasive phenomenon has virtually disappeared.

The case of the Welsh Revival will be immediately cited. But reference to the Welsh Revival is of slight general value as an argument. There are two or three remarks to be made about that movement from the present point of view. For one thing, it took place among the Welsh people. Now the Welsh are Celtic, that is to say, emotional; and in this, and in some other very obvious respects, they are by no means representative of modern men. And then how quickly, how apparently completely, how suspiciously that movement died away. There was something almost sinister in the sudden cessation of all favourable comment upon it. The whole affair was like a meteor that flashed

across the sky. What little has been heard latterly of the conditions in the communities where the revival flourished has not been favourable as pointing to any permanence in the conditions induced at the time.

Practically the only revivals taking place to-day are, apparently, those of the highly, indeed one might say elaborately, organised sort. A whole city is attacked by a highly developed body of imported men. Now it goes without saying that Christianity has a right to organise itself. It has a right, within limits, to show common sense and worldly wisdom. But even with the best will in the world, one can with difficulty resist the conclusion that the very elaborateness of the arrangements which obtain on these occasions only serves to show the condition of mortal terror in which men are with regard to the whole undertaking. Religious conviction, in the time in which we are living, is at so low an ebb that men are afraid to make the attempt to "convert" their fellows. So far as a frontal attack on the souls of men is concerned the Church seems to have lost its old audacity. The facts show that the regular ministry of

the average town and city on this continent is afraid, unless elaborately aided, to undertake the task of revivals. Nor are the ministers, as such, to be blamed. They are in the grip of a most depressing situation. The time is weighed upon by a vast religious torpor. But, on the whole, one must impeach the general scheme and spirit and method of professional evangelism. In the main, professional evangelists have read themselves out of court by their sensational, tawdry and shallow methods. Of course, exception must be made of a rare man like Dawson. But Dawson is precisely one of the greatest preachers of the day. He bears not the slightest resemblance to the type known as the professional evangelist. One of the most grievous weaknesses of the professional evangelist is, that there is no stuff in his sermons. His time is spent in a hubbub of activity. He rushes in post-haste from place to place. He has little time for reading or thinking. His sermons are preached and preached and preached till all the vitality is expressed out of them ; and the man's own intellectual and spiritual life is arrested.

Thus frankly to attack evangelistic methods as they have obtained, is by no means to impeach conversion. I am here simply commenting on its virtual disappearance ; and this virtual disappearance of what should in all conscience be the steady evidence and result of the Church's activity is being used here as an argument to point the contention that our time is desperately without conviction.

We are in the grip to-day of a deadly Materialism. This Materialism, this glorifying of temporal, and especially financial, success, affects our whole attitude to life. Within the Church there is a lamentable cleavage between the men that pay and the men that pray. In almost every large city church there is a small group of men without whose givings the enterprises of the Church would languish, nay without whose givings the Church could not be maintained at all, who yet take little or no part in the devotional activities of the Church. These men have to be waited upon privately for their money. If the case is well put by a man whose judgment they trust, they subscribe. Otherwise, they will not. That is, they give little or

no personal solicitude to the matter. They view Church enterprises much as they view their investments or the different branches of their business. They want experts to be in charge of them. If the results thus far obtained indicate that experts are so in charge, they will put in more money. But, too largely, their contribution ends at that point. It is only in the exceptional Church, the Church that has special traditions, or where special circumstances have obtained, that the leading financial supporters have anything worth mentioning to do, for example, with the prayer meeting. At different types of Church meetings you find altogether different types of men. At devotional meetings you see one class. At a business meeting you see another. Suppose there is a proposal on the part of a municipality to tax church property. A meeting is called to agree on a policy. A group of men will gather who can practically not be got to attend a purely religious service. Men are not to be blamed for this ; it is characteristic of the time ; but it is a characteristic that threatens the whole vitality of the Church.

The really great causes of the Church—Education, Missions, and the like—have been supported mainly in the way indicated above. There is not a great phase of the Church's activity that could be financed for a single year if reliance were placed on a succinct statement of the case from platform or pulpit. The men whose large givings are essential must have the matter stated to them personally ; and the statement must be made, at that, with tact and sagacity. Anyone acquainted with the conditions knows that, as a general rule, this is the case. There is no need to point this out with bitterness. But it surely is desirable to suggest that it is not the spirit of a conquering and vital organisation. Before the Church will measure up to its great tasks, this must all be changed.

By way of aside it may be remarked that there is scarcely anything more striking than the apathy which is shown, that is, so far as any vividness of personal knowledge or interest is concerned, toward the intrinsic subject matter of the outstanding aspects of the Church's effort. Take really great causes like Temperance, Missions, Education,

and the Maintenance of the Sabbath in its quiet and its sanctity. Are there any subjects that are more important, and yet are there any about which the rank and file of us feel a more deadly dullness? A Lord's Day Alliance Sunday is apt to be a signal for a wholesale *sauve qui peut*. Dozens of men will be absent that day who scarcely ever absent themselves otherwise. To the majority Educational Sunday is a symbol of drouth. A Bible Society meeting in the middle of the week calls out hardly more than a corporal's guard. And yet, rightly regarded, how preponderantly important these things are. The preservation of the Sabbath is positively vital, both from a religious and from a national point of view. The Church is bound to languish unless it is affluently equipped for the task of religious education. It is not to be thought that Education, to particularise, is not being supported. It is, probably as never before. But it is being done in the *private* way referred to above. There is not an Educational institution of the Church in this country that would not immediately languish, were it not

for the special skill of some particular man. This man states his case privately with sagacity ; and much more often than not the whole success of the propaganda depends on this man's personality. Is it not clear that such a condition is far from what ought to obtain ? Is it not clear that all this means that the enterprise is not proceeding upon its merits ? Is it not clear that this is far from the spirit or condition of a conquering enterprise ?

And think of the work of the Bible Society. Surely the diffusion of the Scriptures is basal. The Bible is our charter. The Bible is the document on which we rest. Christianity is stricken at the heart if it do not spread ; if it is to spread the Bible must be accessible to all. And yet what inertia most of us feel with regard to the presentation of the claims of the great organisation that is chiefly responsible for its being made so accessible. Will anyone pretend that this should be the spirit of a great world creed ? Can we, animated by this temper, conquer the world ?

And think, until now, at any rate, of

the Missionary propaganda of the Church. Christianity is nothing apart from the Missionary enterprise. And yet how squalid is the scramble we have to make "to raise Missionary money." The words are put thus in quotation-marks, because they form what is universally regarded as a tiresome phrase. The minister must go down on his knees to get "collectors." And, in a multitude of cases the collectors must go down on their knees to get the money. And this money, thus squalidly got, is the money that constitutes the sinews of war essential to the propagation of what should be a jubilantly militant faith. Surely one is not wrong in thinking and saying that it is in a far different spirit that Moham-medanism sets out to conquer the world.

Well, all these things are evidences of an engrossing materialism. Under these circumstances one cannot conclude that the slow spread of Christianity from a world point of view is at all remarkable.

And it must be admitted that the ministry of the Church itself has yielded to these materialising influences. Again, under the circumstances, this is not to be wondered at.

The minister is only a man, and he is part and parcel of his age. The former type of obviously devout minister has largely passed. As Dawson has so strikingly pointed out in "A Soldier of the Future" the young minister of to-day is, usually, of a new type. He is self-reliant, energetic, competent. Most of his thought turns on arrangement and organisation. He talks, and is, more often than not, quite able to talk, business with the business man. It must be conceded that this has its attractions ; but there is also a rather pensive significance in it. No, it is not to be wondered at that the minister's temper has been materialised. We all know something, by personal experience, of the fierce strain of the times. These are days when it is tremendously difficult to be simply loyal to the higher voices. Ministers are paid beggarly salaries. It is doubtful whether the Church can go forward in any adequate manner, until there is a sweeping readjustment in this regard. We are putting upon these chosen men a strain to which they should not be subjected. The squalid pressure of the problem of living is terrific. What wonder that men, confronted

at every turn by the narrow exigencies of themselves and their families, insensibly accommodate themselves, insensibly suffer deterioration in the quality of their thinking? This loss of fineness of edge is all the more inevitable when the narrowness of the minister's margins is thrown into hateful relief by the amplitude of life that obtains around him. The man that in the subtle fibre of his life does not, under these circumstances, prove more or less recreant is a marvel. It is not to be thought for one moment that ministers are lusting for wealth. But it is fairly clear that the vitality of the Church, in no unimportant sense, depends on a substantial increase in the ampleness of the lives of ministers and their families. There is a point below which the condition of life of a supposed intellectual and spiritual leader of the community must not be allowed to sink, or, most indubitably, the high interests that he represents and champions will be jeopardised.

One staggering consequence of the materialising of the ministry to which allusion has been made, is found in the virtually

total failure of preachers to-day, and indeed, for some time since, to plead for volunteers to join their own ranks. The shrinkage in the number of candidates for the ministry is one of the gravest problems by which the Church is confronted. This itself is one of the most patent evidences of the current materialism. But the particular point under emphasis here is the practically complete cessation of all efforts in this regard on the part of ministers. I have for fifteen years, in particular, been a close, and not unsympathetic, observer of the Church. I have been thrown very closely in contact with ministers. Not once in twenty years have I heard, on the part of any preacher, anything like a distinct advocacy of the claims of the pulpit. That is sober truth ; and does it not constitute a thoroughly remarkable, and a most grave situation ? This astounding spectacle is presented : the chosen spokesmen of a supposedly militant faith let year in and year out slip by without once explicitly setting out the attractions, the responsibilities, the claims of their vocation ! To this pass has the materialism of our time reduced the Church.

There has come in many quarters to be a sullen mistrust of what must in so many words be called the ecclesiastical machine.

In the first place, let it be frankly admitted there is such a thing. We often talk about the political machine as if it were thoroughly bad, and as if it were the only thing of its kind. But, just as unquestionably, there is an ecclesiastical machine. And if Christianity is to be an organised affair at all—and how else can it be effective?—it is difficult to see how the “machine” can be avoided. And yet it seems clear that the effect of the machine is sinister in the extreme—immediately so upon those who direct it, and ultimately so on the whole temper of the Church. Every denomination in the country has its complement of men who have suffered from the corrosion of the machine.

There are various evidences of this corrosion. One is intellectual aridity. Ministers ought to be intellectual leaders. They ought to be readers. They ought to be hard readers. They owe it to themselves, to the Church, and to the public. The more prominent a Church leader is, the more true

this ought to be of him. He ought resolutely to refuse to allow the actively intellectual part of his life to be suppressed. And there are not a few instances which prove that such a resolution can be implemented even in the midst of a very busy life. Now the truth is that many of our executive Church leaders simply stop reading. They have a name to live in this regard, when, actually, they are dead. They are highly competent men, and so they are usually able to give a fair account of themselves ; their successful conduct of quasi-material enterprises gives them a prestige that saves them from the humiliation that would surely otherwise overtake them, and that would properly attach to their intellectual stagnation ; but their vivid intellectual activity has too often in effect ceased. In every one of our denominations there are outstanding executive leaders who, save for the newspapers and what is absolutely needed to keep them in touch with affairs, and with the exception of the really illiterate, read less than any group of men in the country. One unfortunate effect of this is that all openness of mind on their part is gone.

Standing closest to the machine they affect to the full limit of their power the temper of the whole organisation, which takes on, thanks to them, an unduly mechanical and wooden character.

A second and vastly more important evidence of the corrosion worked by the machine is found in spiritual poverty. No sensitive person is deceived when the machine-note sounds in the voice of a man. It is instantly recognisable. There are Church leaders not much past their full prime who have virtually ceased, for one thing, to sermonise freshly. They go on preaching the same sermons with a colossal daring. There is nothing to exceed their apparent equanimity in the midst of this process, nay this fixed condition, of dry rot. They pray the same prayers *ad nauseam* ; filling the minds of men impressionable, and sympathetic to the Church, with revulsion and alarm ; sowing the seeds of a sullen distrust in the minds of men non-sympathetic and uninterested ; and falling like a blighting, disillusionising chill on all fresh, opening natures. This is a terrific fact, and operates most subtly. It

is no less than an important obstacle to the practical triumph of Christianity in our midst. The man on the street, who constitutes, so far as Christian countries are concerned, the raw material of the Church, and who must be won if the fabric of our society is really to be Christianised, tacitly, subtly aware of the significance of such exhibitions, draws back and says that a spiritual experience that eventuates in nothing more vital than this is not worth its salt. And what reasonable dissent can there be from such a conclusion? What does a spiritual experience imply? Surely it implies affiliation with the perennial source of spiritual power. This spells eternal freshness, or it spells nothing. It must be remembered that reference is being made here, not to illiterate men, with narrow resources, who must be put in a category by themselves, but to men who are able, often extraordinarily able. If such men go on year after year mouthing platitudes in the very face of God, if, even in the midst of the most significant phenomena, if, even in the presence of the most moving spectacles, their supposedly spiritual reac-

tions express themselves in the most hopelessly conventionalised language, upon what conclusion is one necessarily flung back, save on the conclusion of their spiritual aridity? There is no resisting this distressing deduction. And the men marked by this condition have no right to positions that imply spiritual leadership. At any rate, that they should continue to occupy such positions constitutes a grave menace to the practical efficiency, and a grave obstacle to the practical triumph, of the Church.

A third evidence of the unhappy corrosion effected by the machine upon the men who stand close to it, is seen in the subtlety of their modes of thought, their methods, their manipulations. The Church of Christ ought to be ingenuous. It ought not to be subtle. It ought not to be Machiavellian. There is no room for casuistry in Church direction. The Church has no real interests that are aided by mental reservations. Simple candour wins in all great concerns. There is a tortuous astuteness that will struggle to achieve its ends with all imaginable flexuousness, and yet the palm will be carried

from it by one stroke of simple sincerity. There are Church leaders the very principle of whose lives is compromise ; who have reduced management to a fine art ; and who actually prefer to go forward by zigzag. They are idolaters of the line of least resistance. It is the breath of their nostrils to play man against man, group against group, interest against interest. Their power turns upon a complication of personal interests. Incidentally, when their structure begins to go at all, it collapses with a crash. It is not hard to see that the implicit influence of these men is really not Christian. They fling over the direction of the Church a pall of astuteness. They not unseldom recommend policies that are not up to the ordinary level of plain business integrity. The damage done by this sort of thing is not to be calculated. Perhaps the most threatening feature of the situation lies in the fact that it is only now and then that the real quality of these men is disclosed. A crisis occurs ; events thicken ; the unexpected emerges and disconcerts ; the Machiavellian, fighting desperately, with his back against the wall, reveals

the whole tawdry quality of his mind, and the real character of the principles that govern his life. What men of this type chiefly and idolatrously rely upon is their own splendid powers. There would be nothing to cavil at in this were it not for what their position implies. They have the platitudes of supernatural direction upon their lips. Really they love, in their own unaided strength, to steer difficult seas. When the dilemma in which they find themselves is unusually embarrassing, what they rely upon to extricate them, or to carry them through, is not Divine guidance, but their own sagacity. The power of these men is really formidable. Within the Church they make and smash careers. Sometimes in an unguarded moment an expression of this power will escape them. Surely it is right to say that in a free Church no man, whatever his services, should possess this power. It is the mother of sycophance and the source of intrigue. The possession of such power is fostered on this continent by the public necessity of reckoning on large religious bodies. Men of the sort here spoken of quietly arrogate to themselves the right to

speak for such. The snowball of their prestige goes on rolling until it assumes very considerable, and often largely unjustifiable, proportions. To conclude, these men render the Church great *material* services ; but the disservice they render it is subtle and incalculable.

Another considerable foe to the Church's real efficiency is found in what one is constrained to call Professionalism. This vice is by no means limited to the ministry. It very frequently characterises the laity as well. So far as the clergy are concerned one does not mean by using this phrase that there is any class of preachers on this continent whose members go into the ministry as into an ordinary profession. That practice has reached no proportions worth mentioning in America. And yet there is a professionalism in the Church that works subtle harm. In a way, it is not to be wondered at that ministers become professionalised. Every man pays a certain penalty for the business that occupies him ; and apparently, the minister is no exception to the rule. Routine familiarity with any subject or with any species of activity

is apt to take the picturesqueness and the joy out of it. In every community there are ordinary readers who get much more genuine satisfaction out of literature than do the professional exponents of it. A lawyer's soul may quite conceivably be filled with revulsion over something which, from the standpoint of the mere onlooker, seems like the keenest and most exciting kind of a struggle. This sense of satiety with regard to what forms the stock element of life probably accounts for the hobbies that men take up. Hobbies and fads are a proof of the law of recoil. Thus from time to time you find a lawyer studying Spiritualism, or a doctor reading hard at Theology. But there is no need of illustrating a principle of which almost everyone is personally conscious. Undoubtedly the minister himself unfortunately suffers from this law. There is a certain corrosion of spirit apparently involved in Church management. Organisation as such devitalises men, and to the extent, of course, that a man is devitalised, he is a hack. There are political hacks, literary hacks, religious hacks. Every vocation has its hacks. Wher-

ever machinery gets the better of inspiration, you have a hack. Of course, it is only now and then, that, in any line of life, you come upon a thorough-going hack. But the thesis here supported is that the attitude of the hack, anywhere, is fatal. Precisely to the extent that a man is a hack, he is powerless.

There is then, a hack element in the ministry. The frequently desperate struggle of a minister's life has its disastrous and inevitable effect. The details of church management, especially where the institution is having a life and death struggle to maintain itself ; the necessity of always being on hand, of never letting a "meeting" pass without being present, of being everlastingly radiant and conciliatory ; the difficulty of placating sensitive and censorious people—all such things have a mechanicalising and devitalising effect. The ceaseless round of sermons and addresses must convert what should be a pleasure into something approximating, at many times, to professional drudgery. We should have an infinite sympathy for the ordinary minister. He is charged with a life of the greatest difficulty. He is assailed by

the most subtle temptations. Nevertheless, professionalism must be impaled and impeached as one of the great foes of the Church. The exigencies of a minister's life often result in the professionalising, for him, even of the Bible. Jesus, Himself, becomes, for him, professionalised to a degree. Jesus Himself becomes mechanicalised in the minds of good men, forced always to make what is practically professional use of Him. Here is a danger so gigantic, so subtle, that we can only pray that it may be held within the narrowest possible bounds. The hack element, so far as it obtains, is fatal to the efficacy of preaching. No hack element has any power of appeal. True preaching is one of the highest arts ; and the true preacher is one of the greatest artists in the best of all senses. Perhaps the greatest hall-mark of true preaching is Insight. No preacher can hold the attention or win the hearts of men unless his sermons are compact of humanity ; unless he arouses you, and ever and anon positively alarms you, now with the delicacy and now with the power with which he peers into the naked heart of man. No man with this

habitual or frequent faculty of Insight is ever a Hack. There is a very important sense in which we should pray that our preachers may be endued with a simple humanness.

The stock or professional element is peculiarly fatal in prayer. Public prayer, it must be confessed, constitutes a most difficult problem. It is a function beset with the greatest difficulties. Thus much is certain, that there are two highly strategic exercises of the Church to which the ordinary man who goes to church to-day pays practically no attention. One is the public reading of the Scriptures and the other is the public prayer of the minister. Unless the enthralling note of Insight alluded to above is compellingly present, no one, save a few specially devout men and women, listens to any appreciable extent to the prayer of the preacher. Let us drop fictions, in a matter of such tremendous importance, and face facts. The fact is, that virtually none listens. A few of the possible causes are, absence of conviction, lack of fidelity to and insight into the mere human heart, somewhat fixed length, and a conventionalised vocabulary. Let the

accent of genuine conviction fall on men's ears, and they are bound to listen. They cannot help being arrested, because the simple fact is that the heart of man is eternally hungry. Spiritual sustenance is the great passion of the universal human soul. Imperatively and at all costs, let nothing be said in prayer, above all, that is not downrightly meant. Let there be a new league of sympathy between preacher and people. Let there be a new alliance on the basis of absolute sincerity. Let the people say, we do not want demigods, but men, in the pulpit. Only a man can lead men anywhere, even if it be to the throne of God. Let the people say to their ministers: be free, be human, let the sacrosanct manner go.

Frankly, there is grave ground for alarm with regard to the future of the Church unless there is a prompt and large resurgence of sincerity. It would, on the whole, appear desirable to eliminate the convention of a prayer of anything like fixed length. Fixity, or anything like it, in this regard is dangerous. Show men that your prayer, whether halting or eloquent, whether long or short, whether

smooth or stumbling, whether confessional or jubilant, is human, concrete, and vital, and, by the whole passion of their hearts, they are bound to listen and to participate. The resolute elimination of the conventional, the revival, at the expense of no matter what disclosure, of simple sincerity, will prove a positive benediction to the Church. Only when the public becomes impressed, as it is not now impressed, with the idea that what is said in church—in sermon, in prayer, in the expression of religious experience—is doggedly and downrightly meant, will the Church, as an organisation, leap forward adequately to perform its true function, to capture and hold the masses, and genuinely to pervade and transform the framework of society.

Before closing the discussion of this question let it be added that to the extent that it has participated in religious expression the laity has probably been just as guilty of the fault alluded to as the ministry. Laymen, as well as clergy, must resolve, in a new sense and to a new degree, to be faithful to facts. Experience as it is, consciousness as it is, aspiration as it is, must be interrogated ; and

the truth, no matter how elementary, told. When this becomes the order of the day, in the pulpit and in the pew, the men of the country will flock to the churches.

Taking it all in all, it would now seem that the Protestant Churches have made a mistake in their indiscriminate inclusion of members. The Church might better be small, fit and effectual than large, indiscriminate, and impotent. Save possibly in the case of a Church that has a distinct rite like the Baptist, any ordinarily reputable citizen can to-day be a member of any of the Protestant Churches. This is a delicate matter and should not be treated cavalierly ; but, on the whole, one cannot help thinking that the bars have been let down too completely. There is no doubt but that the motive has in the main been good, but the results are unsatisfactory. Here are some of those results.

(1) The virtual disappearance of all difference between what in old-fashioned language would be called, the Church and the World. Of course, a distinction should be made here. There is undoubtedly a difference between the Church collectively understood, and the

World. Thus the bulk of modern charity and philanthropy originates with the Church. Cut the relief work of the Churches out of any of our cities, and there would be comparatively little left. But looking at things from the individual point of view, the result is not the same. No one is convinced to-day that membership in any of the Churches is a guarantee of practical righteousness. The Church member, in many cases, like anyone else, "turns the sharp corner." In almost every community this fact has sown a sharp mistrust of the Church.

(2) The almost complete disappearance of what may be called Moral Heroism on the part of the Churches. There is not a Church in the country that has the moral courage to apply its rules. Perhaps some of them are better not applied; nevertheless, there they are. The net effect of this policy is, the loss of corporate self-respect. We are strangely obtuse about corporate defects. We know that a man cannot live in the shadow of a falsity, without suffering. We forget that the same law applies to nations, institutions and organisations. There should be a revival

of sensitiveness in this regard. The challenge can be thrown down without fear: there is not a church in the country that dare weed out its membership on the basis of its standards.

(3) The secularity of church management. As has been already hinted, there is, in these times, far too complete a divorce, especially in most of our large city churches, between those who manage, and largely contribute to, the finances, and those who labour to keep the organisation spiritually fit.

(4) Self-containedness or Self-sufficiency, and the lamentable disappearance of the Militant Conception of the Church. The Church a fighting, expansive unit—this is the true apprehension of the Church's character and function. The indiscriminate inclusion of members, followed by the vanishing, from the personal point of view to which reference has been made, of any substantial difference between the Church and Society in general, has taken out of the Church its vertebral and militant quality. Not until it recovers this will it start, in any adequate fashion, to conquer the world.



II

VOICES THAT COME IN THE SILENCE

“There was silence, and I heard a voice.”

—ELIPHAZ TO JOB.

ONE cannot but be struck by the large number of cases recorded in the Holy Scriptures where isolation and silence seem to have been the essential accompaniments of great illuminations and great achievements. Before he could become the deliverer of his people, Moses must needs spend forty years in the deserts of Midian, tending the flocks and herds of his father-in-law, Jethro. Carlyle in his lecture on “The Hero as Prophet” has called attention to the indubitable influence of the desert in fortifying the character of men. One has not the slightest doubt that as the foster-child of Pharaoh’s daughter fulfilled through those long years his humble task, there crept into his spirit, from out the twinkling stars, and from those vast unpeopled silences, the poise and calm of spirit

that were needed to sustain him in his after life of shock and stress. It was in the quiet and loneliness of midnight that there came to Samuel, while still a boy, at Shiloh, the thrice-repeated voice of God summoning him to the dedication essential to that career in pursuance of which he ultimately became the last, as he was also the greatest, of Israel's judges. It was in the quiet of the Judean hill-side, again, that David, watching with fidelity the flocks of his father Jesse, won that sanity and resource of soul that enabled him to become first the succourer of his distressed sovereign and afterward the champion of his people against his people's blatant foe. It was in the remoteness and sequestration of Patmos that John, being in the spirit, heard the Voice and saw the Vision. Finally, in this connection, the most cursory survey of the life of Christ discloses the marked preference that He always showed for at least relative solitude and quiet. His most characteristic deeds, His most significant sayings, you associate, not with the thronged Temple, not even with the crowded streets of that Jerusalem that He loved so well, but

with the hill-side, with the lake-shore, with the rustling cornfield, with the humble village, with the tiny domestic circle. It was on a mountain-top and in virtual loneliness that His face and figure were transformed as He talked direct to God. It was on a hill-side He delivered that great address, the Sermon on the Mount—which gets its name from the very place of its delivery—so full, as everyone recognises it to be, of serene and yet explosive principles that, practically applied, even in part, it would revolutionise society. At the close, it was in the darkness and loneliness of Gethsemane that He gathered the strength and resolution that were needed to brace Him for the last tragic struggles of His career.

The simple fact is, it is a law of life that retirement and silence are the true secrets of productivity and strength.

Just to begin with, let this principle be illustrated superficially from the history of Literature. It is commonly considered that sacred eloquence, the eloquence of the pulpit, has never reached a statelier height than it did on the lips of the great French preachers

of the seventeenth century. Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Massillon, Fénelon, and a number of their contemporaries are supreme among the orators of avowed Christianity. One of these, the Abbé Fénelon, in a little book entitled "Dialogues sur l'Éloquence" (Conversations upon Rhetoric), gives certain advice to the young man who would like to make himself a great public speaker. He counsels him not to allow himself early in life to become absorbed in engagements. If he does he will always be superficial. He may, indeed, be brilliant, but his brilliance will be apt to be meretricious. In that event he will always have to make particular, hurried and exhausting preparation for specific engagements. No, the Abbé says, remain in retirement and training until your powers are matured, until your mind is copiously and diversely furnished. Then, and then only, emerge. Then fling yourself into the welter of public work. In that case, when you are called upon to deal with a special theme, you will simply have to turn the enginery of your mind in the given direction, and with a minimum of labour, and with a

probable majesty, you will achieve a great result.

Many of the novels of Sir Walter Scott were written very hurriedly. Some of them, and they not altogether the least attractive, were dashed off in a few weeks. Now is it true that these successful fictions were put together in such a space of time? Only nominally so. The manual labour, so to say, was completed thus quickly. But the real work had been done before; and this case of Sir Walter really illustrates the French Abbé's principle. Scott was, in effect, reared in the Border country. He drank in at every pore the romantic past. He was saturated from his boyhood with Border incident and ballad lore. He was an antiquarian, a mediævalist, from his childhood. And so when, at the age of forty-four or thereabout, he really set to work on his Waverley novels, all he had to do was to limit his view and make his resources converge on successive points, in order to achieve notable results.

Probably the most exquisite literary craftsman that America has produced is the Puritan novelist Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Hawthorne's great reputation rests, so far as bulk is concerned, on a very slight mass of work. It is due, almost wholly, to four romances: "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Blithedale Romance," and "The Marble Faun." Now is it not rather surprising that so considerable a name should depend upon so slight a body of achievement? The fact of the matter is that the explanation lies not at all in the extent of the work but in its virtual perfection. And what accounts for this perfection? To answer that you must go back to the novelist's schooldays. When Hawthorne was a student at Bowdoin College—then in the backwoods—a humble, homespun uncle of his wrote him a letter, in which he gave him certain counsel. He was advised at the close of every day to write down the experience of the day "in the best English at his command." The uncle did not mean that he was to spend his time in recording the routine occurrences of the day. What he was to analyse and describe was the thing that specially differentiated each day from every other. One can see that this would involve, not simply

manipulation of words, but insight, diagnosis, selection. The boy took his relative's advice. "In the best English at his command," mark you. Nothing expert, nothing recondite about this admonition. The boy was simply to cast about, and do the very best he could. Anybody could follow this rule if he only would. Hawthorne closed with the suggestion. He did not have to know the hundred rules of the rhetorics. He merely had to ransack his boyish armoury. From that time forward he began keeping notebooks. And so we have his American notebooks, his English notebooks, his Italian notebooks. These notebooks constituted his underground work. And then, when he emerged into the open, when he actually appealed to the public, he did so to magnificent purpose in four superb romances.

If one were asked to say to the works of what English novelist one can best afford to come back again and again, one would quite conceivably answer, to those of George Eliot. The soil of her novels—particularly that of the early group—is so rich and deep that you can delve and delve in it without exhausting

its fertility. Now what is the fact about George Eliot? What but this, that she is one of the best possible examples of the genius that develops late and slowly. She was at least thirty-seven before she wrote a line of fiction. And even then what she did was the three slight Clerical Sketches, "Amos Barton," "Janet's Repentance," and "Mr. Gilfil's Love-story."

What has been dwelt on throughout, so far, is the value, indeed the imperative necessity, of brooding, of meditation, in literary processes. Only, the object has not been to make a literary point, but, by inference, to emphasise a law of life.

Just for an instant take the matter of local colour in books—poems, novels, dramas, and the like. It is not so very easy to define local colouring well. It is easier to feel it than to describe it. Perhaps if one were asked to say what it is, one might evade the difficulty by directing the questioner to a poem like Matthew Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum." The one who reads that appreciatively knows what local colour is. It is an Eastern tale—the story of a father and a son, who, long,

long parted, meet at last on the banks of the Oxus, and, neither knowing the other, fight until one is slain. Matthew Arnold in narrating, in episodic and fragmentary fashion, this pathetic tale, discovers the secret of local colour. Not by overt effort, but unsuspectedly, tacitly, he builds up the Oriental picture. As you read you hear the swish of the falling scimitar, you see the nimble evolutions of the light-armed Eastern horsemen, you behold the broad expanse of burning desert, and the still vaster expanse of the brazen cope of heaven, but, most of all, you feel yourself in the grip of that mighty and deadening spirit of fatalism that rests, like an incubus, on the shoulders of all the East. In a word, you are not reading about the Orient : you are in the Orient. This is local colour as a master handles it. And this sort only comes with saturation, with brooding, with time. There is scarcely anything more squalid in contemporary literature than the hurried search for local colouring. Nothing impressive or permanent, nothing but the superficial and the meretricious, can result from it.

This distinction between what is pinch-

beck and what true gold, marks intellectual products of all sorts. Take sermons. Almost any competent person feels instinctively the difference between the sermon that is trumped up hastily, flung together falsely, and that other which having lain long in genesis in the nidus, the nest of the mind, at length emerges a thing of beauty and a thing of power.

If it is true, as said at the outset, that it appears to be a law of life that retirement and silence are secrets of genuine productivity and genuine strength, it is equally true that many of the characteristics and tendencies of modern life make against retirement and quiet; and so make against fertility and strength.

One great object of modern effort is the aggregation of vast wealth. Now the possession of great wealth seems to carry along with it very often, indeed more often than not, a quenchless passion for excitement. We are hearing all the time about wealthy Americans, say, who seem not to know what to do with themselves in the quest of pleasure. Any sort of ordinary life is without power

to pique them. You are staying at an hotel in the neighbourhood of the Grand Cañon in Colorado. A wealthy family arrives from Chicago or New York. They announce their intention of staying three weeks. In three days they are gone. Where, you do not know. Why, equally you do not know. They themselves scarcely know why or whither. Their jaded senses need new stinging. And it goes without saying, this is not limited to wealthy Americans. How many wealthy Englishmen are ransacking the earth for—they know not what. They penetrate to the jungles of Africa, into the heart of the Himalayas, into the recesses of the Rockies; they even winter in the Polar circle—in fact, they girdle and rummage the globe, to climb a mountain never scaled before, to bag a bit of game never shot before, or otherwise to have some new sensation. Wrapped up here is the fierce restlessness of modern life. The most characteristic modern man is the man who is most incessantly on the move. To be a true child of these centuries is to seem, at any rate, to be afraid to be alone. This passion for excitement points to the shallow-

ness, and even the falsity, of our living. Hubbub becomes the very habit of existence. Din and clangour grow essential. Without them we feel lost. Modern life is full of feverish stimulation. And one of the worst things about the gratification of this passion for excitement is that it breeds hardness and soullessness. The face of the thorough-going society woman nowadays is as hard as brass. She "cuts" people whom she does not wish to recognise, with a murderous coldness, with an absolutely stony stare. One is not referring here to the honourable woman, head of a household, who performs her reasonable social obligations. The type in mind is one with which all are familiar—the woman who always contrives to find it necessary to go down town just before lunch or just before dinner, when the men are leaving their offices ; who dresses so sumptuously that you cannot overlook her in the street-car ; who talks and laughs prominently on the street corners, so that perforce she is the cynosure of all eyes. The society face of this type is as hard as brass. A few years ago on the walls of Burlington House in

London there hung a very impressive picture by Sigismund Goetze entitled, "Despised and Rejected." In this composition a thorn-crowned bust of Jesus is presented, overlooking a characteristic city scene. Presently one realises that the scene in question is Trafalgar Square. About the low column on which the bust rests, swarm a throng of typical modern figures. To the left you see a man who "does" the races, with a peak cap atilt on his head, wearing a loudly checked coat and a coloured vest. In his hand he holds a sporting paper, on which you can decipher words and half words. In front of him are a splendidly dressed pair, coming, apparently, from the theatre, or perhaps going there. She leans elegantly on his arm, and he is superb in the expanse displayed of perfect linen. A tiny girl proffers them a nosegay of flowers, which they brush contemptuously out of their way. On the other side of the picture there is, for example, the newsboy, shrilly hawking his wares. Then come a clergyman of the Established Church, portly and comfortable looking; a minister of some non-conformist denomination, leaner and less

satisfied in appearance than the one in front of him, with eye and finger intent on the page of an open book ; and last of all, a Sister of Mercy. The main point about the picture is that the eyes of no single figure on the canvas—and just a few of them have been cited—are turned towards Christ, save those of the Sister of Mercy ; and even hers are so turned with an expression of contrition if not of horror, as if implying that though she has theretofore supposed herself to be serving Jesus, one glance from His eye has been enough to disclose to her the falseness of the motive that had animated her. But what it is most important to record here is this : the scene is characteristically, even terrifically modern ; and the outstanding impression produced by it is precisely that of the hardness of the faces. One cannot help starting back with a sort of shiver. Surely these are not the men and women we know—men and women with warm blood in their veins, and with hearts of flesh in their bosoms ! And yet, go to the West End of London, at eleven or eleven-thirty at night, when the theatres are sending forth their multitudes

of elegantly-dressed men and women who fling themselves into hansoms and motors and are hurried away to reception and ball, returning to their homes at three and four and five in the morning, only to turn the day into night, as they have already turned night into day—and you will see scores and hundreds of faces as breathlessly eager, and yet as hard and pitiless, as those shown in that canvas of Sigismund Goetze.

A conspicuous feature of the life of our time, particularly on this continent, is the passion for publicity. We are living almost wholly in the open, and it is to be feared we are paying, and are destined to pay, an awful price for it. One wishes that we could cultivate more old-fashioned English reticence. Reticence is wrapped up with reserve force, and we cannot afford to put all our wares in the shop-windows. Our life is being spread too thin, and our personal and national character stands in danger of being sapped. If there are no secrets and no mysteries, life is apt to grow specious and false. There is such a thing as counterfeit radiance; and expansiveness may easily be carried too far.

Democracy is magnificent, but, beyond question, it has its side of weakness. Let it be said again : the men and women of this continent, in particular, are too uninterruptedly in the open. The unfenced lawns of American cities are by no means without significance. We spend too much time and thought on putting a good face on matters. We do not strike our roots deep enough, and the springs from which we mostly drink are not the perennial ones. We incline to overlook the difference between the fundamental and the secondary, and show a rather alarming tendency to replace the former by the latter. One longs sometimes in our streets for the ugly, or at any rate, non-committal, fronts of English houses. What is there, from an American point of view, less attractive than a residential street in the suburbs of London ? But in the rear, what lawns, what flower-beds, what wall-fruits ! Yes, on this continent we are living too much in the glare. There is, among us, too little privacy, too little intimacy. Notoriety is our continental obsession. The venom spreads without our knowing it. We are not only children of

our time, but we are children of our hemisphere. A man's vitals may be in course of being gnawed, and he virtually unaware of it.

Let this point be brought to a close with an illustration. One of the most characteristic, and in that sense, representative, men that this continent has latterly produced was the late President Harper of Chicago University. He was an extremely able man. There seemed to be no end to his energy. He slept briefly, and worked tirelessly. He administered with signal success the affairs of a great new University, maintained, throughout, his work as a teacher in the actual class-room, edited learned journals, published books, and was almost ubiquitous as a speaker and lecturer. Doubtless he was as admirable, personally, as he was able. And yet his case seems to point the very moral under consideration. It will be recalled that President Harper was operated upon for the malady that ultimately killed him, some years before he actually succumbed. On that earlier occasion a significant dispatch appeared in the papers. What was it? Well, on the

point of being laid on the operating table, to undergo an operation, which it was supposed on all hands would prove fatal, this able, this influential, this representative man did what? He was reported as issuing "A statement to the Press"! In the name of Heaven, what had the Press to do with it? What a time that was to think of the Press! One does not need to impeach him personally but, most indubitably, one may impeach the false and over expansive society in which he lived. At a time when an old pagan Greek or Roman even, stricken thus mortally, would have drawn his mantle about him, and would have retired to the quiet of his own home, and to the still deeper silence of his own heart, this typical modern American issues, of all things, a statement to the Press! Let us look more narrowly to the quality of our living, and let us ask ourselves in all urgency whether the game is worth the candle.

Again our time is open to the arraignment that the Home is being abandoned—and that chiefly by two classes of the population. The one class consists of the society women to whom abundant reference has been

made already. The other class consists of unduly ambitious men. How many of the men of our day, especially of our cities, are consumed with ambition! The passion of their life is the forging of a career. And for this career they are sacrificing everything. Ambition is spreading its corrosion in every quarter. How full our communities are of men who are flinging themselves on life with such preternatural, such demonic energy, that they are wringing themselves almost habitually dry; so that in a word, they have nothing but the dregs of their time, energy, and temper for their wives and children. Here, surely, is a national and racial menace. This certainly means the moral abandonment of the home. And what a prodigious mistake it all is! Because the divinely appointed function of domestic affection is the softening, the mellowing of the heart of man.

A few years ago, at the close of a lovely summer's day, I found myself on a spot that has long been for me one of the pensivest in all the world—the battlefield of Senlac, where, on a certain day in the eleventh century Harold, the last, and with the possible

exception of Alfred, the most gallant of our Saxon Kings, lost his regal realm of England to the Norman Duke William. The day was ending. That whole lovely south English land lay about me, bathed in the light of the setting sun. The entire actual scene spoke of placidity and not of turmoil, breathed peace not war. Cattle browsed upon the hill-side. A gentle breeze moved slumbrously among the leaves, and crisped and ruffled gently the waters of a tiny lake. And yet, despite the message of my eyes, what I saw was battle and not peace. I saw Taillefer, prince of the Norman minstrelsy, riding in advance of the motley troops of William upon his palfrey, chanting snatches of the Song of Roland, and catching as he sang, the balls that he kept tossing in the air. I heard the shouts of the warriors, I heard the whizz of the arrows, I heard the clash and clang of the battleaxes, I heard the maddened rush of the war steeds. And on the hilltop I saw the figure of Harold, girt with his bodyguard of thanes. Well, as I looked, a mighty sadness stole into my breast. What was the secret of my sadness? So far as I could make out

it was not, chiefly, the thought of the defeat of Harold. It was not, chiefly, his loss of the gallant realm of England. Eight stricken centuries had passed. Victors as well as vanquished lay beneath my feet. What mostly made me sad was the thought of the ever-recurring tragedy of misplaced emphasis. In the eleventh century as well as in the nineteenth and twentieth, men had staked their all on trifles and had interpreted proportions wrongly. The warriors on both sides on that sinister day thought that they were *the* men, and that the stake for which they fought was *the* stake. And yet how prodigiously they were mistaken! The crown they mutually fought for was a mere trifle, in comparison with the genuine stakes and sweetnesses of life. How infinitely happier that day, how infinitely truer in interpretation of actual values, than either King or Duke or fighting men, were those humble and obscure souls, who, far from the field of carnage, witless of its issues, and careless of its outcomes, were pursuing the ordinary processes of life, building up the while for themselves in the breast of wife and child and friend

the treasure of affection that would stand them in good stead in the emergencies and crises and desolations of life! When shall we men and women learn that the most precious thing of all is the human heart, that the thing most worth fighting for and labouring to win is love, and that man's almost supreme treasure is the fidelity and comradeship of family and of friend?

The fever and the fret of modern life kill. The strain to-day is unnatural, the pace is murderous. Multitudes of men and women are lavishing in their intensity the very marrow of their lives. It is a question, too, whether much of the most characteristic accomplishment of the time does not owe its brilliance and fascination precisely to this lamentable circumstance. Many men in these times are not only wreaking themselves ruinously on the pursuits and amusements of life, but are pathetically and vividly conscious of the fact. Alphonse Daudet, the Provencal novelist, tells a poignant story under the caption "L'Homme à la Cerveille d'Or." It concerns a boy, who, instead of having an ordinary brain, has a brain of

gold. He discovered the fact by accident, when a mere child. Falling one day, he struck his temple against a projection of a balustrade, and looking down, he saw on the marble stair a gout, not of blood but of gold. When he grew up he married a woman of extravagant tastes. To gratify her whims he begins spending the metal which was his brain. At last the end approaches. Just at dusk one day he is shown standing before a shop window. He is spent and wan. Suddenly his eye catches sight of something. He staggers to the door, pushes it open, reels against the counter, and, gouging with his finger-nails into the recesses of his skull, flings down before the clerk the last gratings and raspings of his brain, to buy, what?—a pair of beaded slippers for his wife! A caricature, you say. Nothing of the sort. Neither more nor less than a sensitive interpretation of many aspects of contemporary life. The modern pace kills. If it does not, ask yourself what is the meaning of the six stark figures of men and women, drowned overnight in the Seine, that you may find every single morning of all the year in the morgue

behind Notre Dame in Paris. Modern living, in its social, its commercial, its intellectual aspects, means burning the candle at both ends.

Oh, the weakening, the warping, the cruel distractions of modern life ! There is no promise, no permanency, no potency about life on this basis. And, mark you, it is not simply individuals that are ruined by these distractions : whole nations suffer from them. Nations show that they are suffering in this way whenever they allow the lust of power, the pomp of diplomacy, the passion for territorial aggrandisement, or what not, to blind their eyes to patent and obvious anomalies. Think of the war-burdens of Europe. Think of the poverty-stricken Italian peasant paying murderous taxes on his every product, in order to maintain a suicidal army and navy. Think of the gaunt marches of the unemployed during these last few years in London, the metropolis of the world ; and think of the general average of wealth and the standard of comfort of the masses of the people in Christian England itself. Go, if you like, to London. Go along

some street like Tottenham Court Road, at the corner, say, of Euston Road. Look, as you pass, through the open doors of the gilded gin palaces, and see them jammed to repletion with throngs of men and women—perhaps, indeed, more women than men. Resume your walk and see the legions of the flaunting, bedizened women of the street, forced, virtually forced, into lives of shame by the harsh economic conditions of modern life. Turn from this thoroughfare into some more obscure street hard by, and see that little group of girls from six to twelve, perhaps, dancing with starveling shanks to the music of fiddle or of hurdy-gurdy. And then, your eyes filled, and your memory haunted, with such scenes as these, pass to the sombre but magnificent halls of the Houses of Parliament and listen to some *blasé* paragon of elegance, faultlessly attired, with superfluous monocle at eye, and so on, dilating upon the Open Door in China, upon the maintenance of the *status quo* in Eastern Europe, upon the fostering of relations with the great dependencies, and so on and so on. Oh, there is scarcely any length to which nations may not

go when they once lose the sense of proportion.

To recall men and women and nations from such perverted conception of values, is the true Puritan note for this day. And whenever that note is genuinely sounded, men feel its appeal. An undertone of this remonstrant Puritanism it is—proclaiming the eternal supremacy of the Spiritual over the Material, and pleading, with full knowledge of the insanity of too great a share of modern effort, for unbiased vision and for a renewed sense of true proportions—that constitutes the real ethical impressiveness of Kipling's "Recessional."

"God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

"If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget! . . .

“For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!”

Well, let us all resolve that we will give ourselves a chance to hear recalling Voices! It is indispensable that we should hear Voices. If we do not, we shall perish. And to hear them, we must put ourselves at some pains. It is not everywhere, indifferently, that we can hear them. Some may occasionally hear them amid the rush and hurry of the crowd, in the central street, in the glare and blare of noonday. But the majority of men must put themselves in special conditions.

Let us think of just a few of the ways in which we may get saving visions and illuminations.

We can hear voices if we will read. Read what? The magazines and books that are themselves the thin and tawdry products of thin and tawdry and false methods? No, but the great books. How many distressed men have been healed and invigorated, and

for all the future of their lives dominated, by reading "The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius," "The Confessions of St. Augustine," the "Imitatio Christi" of Thomas à Kempis, "Paradise Lost," and the like! Is it not remarkable, the emanation of sanity and poise and wholesomeness that proceeds from the really great books of the world?

We can hear Voices if we will resort, more often and truly than we do, to the breast of Nature. Properly approached, Nature is a great organ of assuagement and recuperation. Worn in body, harassed in mind, distressed in spirit, a man went one summer to a lovely British Columbia valley. What is to be told about him here simply is, that the silence of the forests, the majesty of the mountains, the rushing coolness of the brooks, the serenity of the skies, the sheen of the sun- and moon-smit lake, absorption in humble but diverting tasks, the rank odour of the soil in his nostrils—that all this crept into his blood, and restored him to sanity, and calm. That is no idle phrase, the Healing of the Hills.

We can hear Voices if, more assiduously

than most of us do, we will cultivate the life of the home. Over it, not even the Church should take precedence. It will not often, it is probable, be found that they are in conflict, but if, in any given case, they prove so to be, then the home must be given right of way. Home is the Capital. The whole quality of a man's life turns on his home, that is, on his relations to it, and his deportment in it. If a man is not right there, he is wrong everywhere. If a man's feet are not solidly based on that spot of ground, and if he is not doing his full duty there, the entire residue of his life is impeached. Out, once and for all, on the false and beggarly view that a man can be a tyrant in his own household, and yet prate, with effect or result, about religion! There are few things that wound the Church and the cause of genuine religion more cruelly than the professionalised religious cant of men who are known by the members of their families and by their immediate friends to have unlovely tempers. And, leaving the Church out of view for the moment, there are in every community not a few men, devoting themselves officiously

to the promotion of Temperance and Moral Reform, and that sort of thing, spending their time in an absurd and weakening whirl of committee and organisation work, whose home life is reduced to an absolute nullity. No sensitive man will be long in doubt as to the quality of the result or the value of the contribution. Let us put the fundamental things first and then, in a very true sense, all other things will be added.

Speaking more gently, let us think for a moment of the influence of childhood. From the personal and from the national point of view, the children, at once in their actual influence and in their potentiality, are supreme. In the first place, let us make sure that we do not wrong them! Let us brood over the wonder of their initial innocence—so brood that we will not teach them the horrid lessons: how to snatch, and sulk, and scowl. The imitative faculty in children is terrific to think of. There is a dramatic, nay a tragic, moment when the child first consciously scowls. Not only individuals, but homes, have their habits. Gentleness is the habit of how few, petulance the habit of how

many! Most of us, both as men and as families, have got far past the sweet beginning place where and when it was possible to fashion all beautifully. We are in the full midst of the system and temper of family living that we ourselves have created. But let us put out our hand upon ourselves, and stop. Let us draw back, set things out before us, get a proper perspective and a new start. How few men make themselves over! But let us pray for strength to accomplish what the marred and faultful past says cruelly is impossible. Some night, kneeling at our bedside, may we get an illumination—proceeding from the very deeps of our nature, and stimulated by the very Spirit of God—that will change all the future. Let us not wrong the little children, sending them into life marred and handicapped by our own unlovely attitudes. And again, let them have their way with us. Let them win us to sweetness and merriment and hope. We can all hear Voices, if we will hearken to the little children. It is hard to imagine any man joining with his children in their play, listening to their talk, watching the opening of their minds, answering their ques-

tions, hearing their prayers, kissing them as they are tucked away in bed, bending over them away on in the night when his own work is over and they asleep, without being brought mightily to himself, without hearing Voices full of compulsion, without being flung back on the primal and elementary in such a way as to affect the whole quality of his life.

And what honest or serious man is there among us who does not know that we can hear saving Voices if we steel ourselves to the doing of hard but righteous tasks? Who is there that has not been drawn, actually or figuratively, to his knees as he has come close up to a thing hard to do? And who has emerged victor from such a struggle without being conscious, in his own way, of what, for him, was a benediction?

We can hear Voices, further, if more often than is our habit, we will go away and be alone. We know too little of retirement. The Roman Catholics have a great idea in their practice of retreats. If these are what they seem to be, they must be profoundly influential. Why should a man go often by himself? Well, for one thing, to give his

conscience play. It is indispensable that we should let it warn us. It is indispensable that we should give heed to the beckoning fingers of our ideals, which essay to call us to greater height and greater heroism and greater spaciousness. There is a certain man into whose breast there steals a nameless sadness at the close of day, in the autumn, and, as often as not, on Sunday afternoon when the lash of his labour is lifted and he has time to think. And there is ground for believing that that man does not know, he simply does not know, into what sordidness, into what shallowness, into what baseness even, he might fall, were it not for the Voices, pathetic, retributive, which that sadness brings !

There was Silence, and I heard Voices. There was Silence, and you heard Voices. There was Silence, and the nation heard Voices. Let us all learn to be silent, that we may hear Voices.

III

THE BARRED PATH: OR, THE PHILOSOPHY OF OBSTACLES

EVOLUTION is now the settled view of the great majority of thoughtful men. Not only have we learned it from the scientists, but it coincides with all that we know of life, as a result both of observation and participation. *Natura nil facit per saltus*. In all spheres we see that Nature works slowly. Everywhere the sudden and catastrophic are discredited. The old theory of immediate, specific, perfect creations shocks our general sense of probability. And it is now clear to almost all that the Evolutionary Theory in no sense either eliminates God or disparages His creative power. Even if infinitely slow development is the order of the Universe, still it is obvious that the process had to be put in motion. It argues a vastly superior force and intellectuality to impress primordial

matter with the capacity for infinitely diversified development, than to indulge in, it matters not how many feats, so to say, of specific and full-orbed creation. Beside the Evolutionary Theory the old view appears wooden and mechanical. God must still be there, with the Evolutionist. It is only the most incurable specialist, only the man who virtually "cannot see the wood for the trees" because of his exclusive and dogged devotion to a limited area, who declines, overtly and frankly, to posit God.

Incidentally, it may be remarked that the scientist of this latter class is often a narrower and more dogmatic man than the theologian of a certain type whom he so roundly condemns. Lashing dogmatism, he himself dogmatises. Angrily impeaching the methods of the Inquisition, he himself practises them. He acts and talks as though, if he had his way, he would consign all theologians to some limbo of his own making. Blaming the theologian for seeing only a part, he himself fails to see the whole.

Evolution does not affect the fact of Creation : it concerns only the method.

Logically, the Evolutionist must presume a God. So that there never has been any real ground for alarm with respect to his view. Only, the God of the Evolutionist is seen to be a subtle, an intellectual, a supremely masterful, a powerful God. In a word, a real God.

But now, the evolutionary account being frankly and gladly accepted, God himself is seen to be thrown, if one may so put it, on the side of Obstacles. Evolution is growth in obedience to law and in response to environment. The difficulties to be overcome are enormous, and the time involved occupies æons. The God who has selected evolution as the method of the universe, in so selecting in effect says that infinite, nay, unspeakable, effort is the Law of Life. The message that, by this choice, He has sent ringing through the Universe is that whatever or whoever would grow and burgeon and prosper must toil and suffer.

It is a rule of life that repression or suppression overcome means greater substantive force, greater achievement, greater success. This may be illustrated in a thousand ways.

The fountain in Tennyson's poem "The Day-Dream," which has been held in check, while the spell rests on castle and maiden, so soon as the spell is broken by the Prince's kiss, leaps, as if maddened by retention, to twice its former height. The river whose bed is dredged loses in extension and appearance but gains in driving power. Great Britain, among the nations, smarting, more or less consciously, under the knowledge of her smallness and her insulation, has been flung by these very facts into a superb career of world colonisation and world-dominance. A man like Ruskin, solicitously repressed as a child in the midst of affluence, reaps an abounding recompense for this repression in the splendid alertness and sensitivity of his later life. The simple countryman who, goaded by ambition, forges his way into exclusive and metropolitan areas until he finds himself in the seat of power, goes as far as he does ultimately go, by very virtue of the sharpness with which the early iron of poverty and narrowness entered into his soul. The Free Church, denuded of endowment and stripped of the initial comfort of state aid,

throws itself on the will of the people, and, by the very stress of the Voluntary principle, becomes an unequalled organ of moral and social power.

Conversely, the absence of repression or suppression more often than not eventuates in failure, if not disaster. Here enters, for example, all that we know about the man "born with a silver spoon in his mouth." There is no fact more familiar than the frequent, indeed the usual, failure of the sons of rich or great men. Think of the towering figures in scholarship, in literature, in eloquence, who adorn the history of a noble commonwealth like Massachusetts. Where to-day, are the sons and grandsons of Hawthorne, Emerson, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison? There is scarcely anything more pathetic than the anti-climax of families. The race, the community goes forward with vast, slumbrous, glacier-like movement; but family strains rise to a certain altitude and then fall. To keep up the movement of the mass, there must, it would appear, ever be new, untutored, unemasculated importations. The son of the

intellectual giant, the probabilities are, will be at best a dilettante ; the son of the millionaire will, quite easily, be a degenerate. The collective forward impulse must come from other hands.

In no matter what the field, when things come easily, men invariably pay the penalty. Alexander Pope rhymes easily, lisps, in fact, in numbers ; and to all time he remains a brilliant and metallic nullity. John Dryden labours incalculably to overcome his handicap, and thereby makes himself a virile force. Two young preachers begin their careers at the same time. The one is glib, self-assured, ultimate in his manner. At forty he has gone little farther than he had at twenty ; only now, of course, the charm and apology of youth are gone. The other is angular, awkward, elliptical. But at forty he is a model of chastened and regulated power. Andrea del Sarto, the Faultless, paints as it were by instinct, but his very facility robs him, to all time, and to the eye of all impressionable men, of the reserve, of the suggestiveness that spring alone from the wounded, writhing reach after the Ideal. Macaulay and men

of his class rattle, horse, foot and artillery, across the stage, arousing endless admiration, but for ever denied the billowy resilience that results alone from the higher, deeper "trouble" of grave souls. Carlyle and the Scotchmen of his day put themselves to untold pains to come at an education ; but not for nothing either in their case, did the iron enter the soul. The world listened to them as it is not likely to have to listen to any considerable number of students to-day made easy pensioners by Andrew Carnegie.

Education as a process, according to one entirely true view, consists mainly in the removing of natural obstacles. The arms of a man to begin with are bound down to his side. He is hemmed in. He needs to have a certain space cleared about him in which he may work his limbs and deliver his blows. It is only his due that that space should be cleared. Thereafter the responsibility for what he accomplishes is on his own head. The object of disciplinary education is simply to bring a man's powers to par. They are never at par at the outset. They are inevitably bandaged and shackled. Between

every man and the possibility of the normal play of his faculties there intervene certain impediments. It is a crime that he should not be assisted to overcome these. Herein lie at once the responsibility and the privilege of the state or the community. One says "privilege" because it is obviously to the advantage of the State that its members should be effective. No nation can afford to have inept, left-handed citizens. It was an ancient fancy that the sculptor found his statue in the block. The sculptor did not make the statue: he only disclosed it. The creator of the "Venus da Milo" found her slumbering in the rock. Analogously, we must proceed on the supposition that in every untutored man there is latent an effective instrument. It is the function of co-operant education to chip away the marble, to strip off the rind. And it may easily be that the harder, the flintier the rind, the better worth while it will prove, to take it away. This view heightens and ennobles education. In particular, it rids it, both as a process and as a result, of all invidiousness, of all superciliousness. Culture is not a snobbish

perquisite : it is the naked right of every man. And, of course, the man himself must the while struggle to get free. He must have a sense of his limitations. He must feel that he will stifle unless he can get into the open. His original condition must weigh upon him like an impendent burden, like something in the nature of a nightmare. To slough off, he must writhe. If he is passive he must remain an embryo ; there can be no surgeon skilful enough to deliver him. If he has the passion for freedom, for spaciousness, and gets no help, there will be a tragedy. Hardy has diagnosed this tragedy in "Jude the Obscure."

In another vein it may be said that, fortunately or unfortunately, man's free will is the source of a vast number of the obstacles that confront him. This is true of man as a creature or of mankind as a race. It is also true of man individually. One is on delicate ground here ; because to say this is, in a way, to justify Sin itself. There is, undoubtedly, a sense in which Sin, together with the aftermath of sorrow that Sin breeds, is the most potent of educators. See the pathetic words that Thomas de Quincey speaks

on this head at the close and indeed throughout the whole of "Levana and Our Ladies of Sorrow." A preponderant share of the problems and impediments by which any given man is confronted at any given moment, is constituted by situations, imbroglios, and menaces that are entirely of his own making. In the presence of them he is distracted. This very distraction, this very bewilderment it is in no small degree that makes him the significant creature that he is. He has made the bed. Will he lie on it, or by hook or crook will he find another place to couch in? He has broken the structure to fragments. Will he accept the chaos, or will he strive heroically to piece all together again? The Hebrew mind pictured the first estate of man as a condition of innocence. Until sin came, man was confronted in the Garden by no problems. The air was like nectar, endlessly. The soil was wanton in its fertility. The branches of the trees hung thick with fruits. The eyes of the beasts were soft and gentle, and they showed no fangs. There was no more terror in the tiger than in the lamb. Best of all, between man and man there were

no secrets ; and the very angels, and God himself, were immediately accessible. But Sin came, and lo ! all was changed. The soil grew churlish and stingy. Plants no longer leaped to full fruition in a night. The eyes of the wild beasts glared ; henceforth they showed their fangs. Winter came, and hail and sleet and snow, with all their possibilities of misery. The minds of men closed towards each other. Thenceforward they had secrets, dark and terrible. Hate was born and voiced itself in murder. Love was degraded into Lust, and brought forth a hideous progeny. The sky was darkened, and the face of God was turned away or veiled. But Man as a Creature, as a Race, is what he is to-day because of his secular struggle with all these things. The first man was an infant : the modern man is a giant with—in his breast—a conflict and a tragedy, conducted to its close with mighty fluctuations of hope and despair. The delicate problem hinted at above, and of course not solved nor any light thrown on it, is, would man be the significant thing he is were it not for evil itself ? The stinginess of the soil, the reluctance of the fruits,

the fierceness of the wild beast, the relentless attack of winter, the loneliness of the individual, the averted face of God—these very things have operated as challenges out of which have come Industries, Laws, Societies, Literatures, Religions! Can it be that, at a stroke to have wiped out Sin would have been to make impossible the stately fabric that man has reared?

Look at it how you will, at any rate, the progress of the race has taken place largely because of obstacles and disadvantages. Man has, in effect, said to himself such words as these :—

(1) Life is short; therefore, make the most of it. Thence has resulted all high gravity and sense of responsibility. The most effective man is the man who is most urgent. No man does great things who does not think every moment crucial, and every position pivotal and strategic. The greatest race in the world is the race most weighed upon by the sense of responsibility.

(2) Strength is limited; therefore study the nature of it, and, above all, strive to conserve it and to master it. This attitude, nay,

this necessity, is the Mother of Science. There are animals in the world beside which, in strength, man is a pigmy ; but by knowledge and audacity he lords it over all.

(3) Individualism spells impotence, anarchy, insecurity ; therefore give up some rights to the community for the sake of conservation of results, protection, and the general well - being. Thence have sprung Laws and organised government.

(4) Man's capacity for mere sense enjoyment is restricted ; therefore let him wrest victory from defeat, let him find an equivalent, let him, in a word, throw himself—and how superbly he has thrown himself !—on the cultivation of the Intellectual and the Spiritual. From this resolve have eventuated Arts and Ethics. There are, one supposes, animals beside the convulsions of whose pleasures all that man knows in this way are but anæmic shadows. He has done well to look elsewhere for his solace.

How fitly man might be imagined as complaining, for example, of sleep and darkness. Darkness is a handicap. It does its best to cut time, at the most too short, in half. But

how gallantly man has taken up the gauntlet ! He has chafed stones and sticks ; he has lighted the pine knot, and worked in its fitful glare ; he has made the rag swim in grease ; he has bored for oil ; he has manufactured gas ; he has harnessed electricity. Now he laughs at the penalty of the revolving globe. The actual physical disability is removed ; but, in addition, how vastly more subtle man is, how much more nearly a magician, than if he had never been subjected to the disability. How naturally, too, man might have been expected to complain of hostile climate. But here again, he has picked up the glove with a gallant, if not a light, spirit. And now on the rim of the Arctic, in his warm house, he laughs at the winter.

And so, is it not correct to say that the rationale, the philosophy, the justification of Obstacles, as a feature of life and the Universe, is found in the greater significance of character and the greater body of achievement necessarily resulting from the overcoming of these ? Here is a man whose face, the children see, is like the very face of Jesus : it would not be his, had he not known and

borne bitter pain. Yonder is a man silent, taciturn, but magnificently resourceful. You look into his history. You find that he was born among foes, that he was nursed amid suspicions, that, all his life, his hand has had to be on the hilt of his sword, to defend himself : watchfulness has bred power. Catholicism, as we at any rate ordinarily think, has attempted to relieve its communicants of subtle spiritual anxiety. Result : again at least as we ordinarily think—a lower average of individual and mass efficiency. Protestantism throws on her children the whole vivid burden of finding solutions, of making their peace with God. And from this very circumstance, from this very vividness of necessity, has resulted, in detail, greater alertness, and, in a large way, the supremacy of Protestant communities and powers.

There is one aspect of this matter, namely the ethical aspect, that is tremendously, pressingly important. Our chief obstacles, so far as personal living is concerned, are the moral temptations that beset us. Many a man is, or thinks he is, held absolutely in check by those which, in one way and another,

have fallen to his lot. There is one, in particular, that has dogged him almost from his birth. At every turn it has faced him. It has leaped upon him from all sorts of angles. It has fastened itself, leech-like, upon him at the most unexpected times. It has respected neither his exhilaration nor his despair. It has caught him alike in the midst of his industry and his lethargy. It has cast him down a thousand times ; and “ at his heart as at a cup fear sips ” in the thought, nay almost the assurance, that it will cast him down yet a thousand times. A peculiarity is, that every man thinks his own temptation the worst. You learn of another man’s weakness. Oh, you say, that is gross, obvious, external. I could strangle that. But mine is subtle, mine is intrinsic, mine is me ! Mine enlists my nature, leaving me nothing with which to fight. The Russian soldiers after Mukden are reported as saying : “ Give us your generals, and we’ll fight you again.” The troops of James at the battle of the Boyne are described as having said the same thing. It is probable that both stories are apocryphal. But whatever the

Russian or the Catholic soldiers may have said, we must settle down to the hard knowledge that we cannot exchange temptations. Your temptation is the expression and the penalty of your personality. My temptation is the expression and penalty of mine. It is as if divinely, at any rate rigorously, ordained that every separate individuality carry along with it its own instrument of discipline. No, we cannot exchange, we cannot escape. The battle must be fought on these given terms. The necessity is a grim one. The way is narrow—straight is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth to Life—and there, immediately there, stands the foe—perhaps, thanks to our prudence and heroism in the past, on the point of yielding ; perhaps, thanks to our foolish, criminal indulgence in the days that are gone, belligerent, aggressive, masterful. There is no evading the issue. All significance of character, all greatness of achievement, all victory in the battle that life most assuredly is, depends upon, nay to all intents and purposes, consists in, the bracing of the infirm places of our particular will, the overcoming of our particular foe.

IV

THE INNER KINGDOM

ONE of the most admirable achievements of the human spirit is the imaginative reconstruction of the past. There is scarcely anything more remarkable than the success with which, again and again, gifted men have been enabled to forget the circumstances by which they were surrounded and indeed, apparently, their own personality, to overleap the abyss of centuries, and triumphantly to recreate not simply this or that incident, not simply this or that historical figure, but the very atmosphere of a remote era.

Instances will come at the call of every memory. What a feat that was John Milton performed in "Paradise Lost"! Living in the seventeenth century of the Christian era, he, a modern Englishman, himself marred by the polemic bitterness of the period, from which he was by no means detached, forgot all, and, in his pictures of the supposed life

of our first parents in the Garden, gave us the very feeling of the dewy freshness of the primal world. From his pages, so far as these particular passages are concerned, the recent world, with its teeming populations, its anxious problems, its complexity, its involution, has completely disappeared. All is virginal and pristine ; nothing is hectic, *blasé*, worn.

John Keats, too, triumphed signally in this way in his "Ode on a Grecian Urn." Loitering in the British Museum he, a most thorough-going Englishman, contemplated so intently certain relics of antiquity that, placing before the eye of his mind an imaginary vase, he was able to annihilate time, and to write, in consequence, five or six stanzas which give one the full feeling of the poise, the symmetry, the calm of Hellenism at its best.

In somewhat the same fashion, though perhaps not so notably, Tennyson has succeeded in certain classical studies such as "Oenone," "The Lotus-Eaters," and "Ulysses." "Ulysses," in particular, is a perfect section cut out of the mass of Greek paganism at its highest.

After this introduction—from which it would have been hard to abstain, so much ground for admiration is there in this type of man's accomplishment—let us consider the significance, as bearing upon human conduct, of certain words found in one of these poems of Tennyson. The poem is "Oenone." "Oenone," a shepherd Princess, daughter of a River-God, had been born and reared on the wooded slopes of Mount Ida, within sight of the walls of Troy. She had long had for lover Paris, the handsomest of the sons of Priam. Meeting his sweetheart in a glade of her native mountain one day, Paris told her a strange tale. A sharp quarrel had broken out in the halls of the Gods. As the divinities reclined about their banqueting-table, a golden apple had been flung upon the board, with these words inscribed upon it: "For the most fair." Instantly fierce rivalry set in among the goddesses. The strife had been specially sharp between Juno, spouse to Jupiter and Queen of Heaven, Pallas, the goddess of Wisdom, and Venus, the Queen of Love and Beauty. The three had decided to leave the matter to the

arbitrament of a mortal—and he, Paris, was their choice. On a certain day the three disputants would repair to Mount Ida, and he would make the award. And Paris said that Oenone, hidden, might watch the scene.

On the arrival of the goddesses, each proceeded to bid for the prize. The Queen of Heaven, as suited her station, offered Paris earthly power, if he would assign the fruit to her. Her offer was declined. The offer of Pallas came next, but, rejected as this also was, let us pass it over for the moment. Venus, most seductive of the three, whispered in the ear of the arbiter, that if the prize fell to her she would give him the fairest woman in Greece for his wife. Overcome by her beauty, and allured by the glowing prospect she held out, Paris awarded the distinction to her. In the wake of this decision, as all know, came the Rape of Helen and the fiery horrors of the Trojan war.

But what is of most importance now is the central and rejected offer of Pallas. Juno, it will be remembered, proffered Paris earthly kingship, with all that this carries along with

it—fleets, armies, towered cities, territory. It was at this moment that the Goddess of Wisdom, true to her function and character, made her proposal. In one stroke she showed the illusory character of Juno's promise. Power, she said, lies not without us, but within. The consort of Jupiter had represented the sources of strength as being external to man. But they are not. They lie in the citadel of a man's soul.

How true this is! We all know that it is true. Strong within, strong everywhere! Weak within, weak everywhere! How often we delude ourselves with the idea that something adventitious or extraneous can make us strong. And as often as we make this representation to ourselves, just so often are we bound to be disappointed. The revolution that is really to revolutionise us must take place within. Change your place, change your dress, change your home, change your surroundings: all is unavailing, unless you change yourself.

Here is a young man who cannot study in a bare denuded room. He complains of the single window with its uninviting pros-

pect, and the little table. He says : " Give me ruddy carpets, blazing grate, and ample outlook, and then I'll do things." Some accident gives him these ; but his industry is not materially or permanently increased. He dawdles and lounges still. The change was external, and, so, powerless.

Here is a young man, struggling along with a family. He hates the beggarly pittance of his life. He has ambitions. Perhaps he feels within him the stirrings of literary power. If he were only well-placed he could write. He spends time constructing fanciful pictures in his mind. He thinks of a lovely city home among the trees on the winding river bank. The library is at once cosy and spacious. His secretary answers the telephone bell ; he speaks only when he really wishes to. The house is beautifully appointed and perfectly kept. No kitchen-smells reach the library or the drawing-room. The stairways are wide and gradual, not steep and narrow and cluttered. He never sees the grocery or the butcher bills, and does not need to care whether they are large or small. Ah, under those conditions he could produce things ! What

books he would write, what work he would do, what fame he would win ! But now, the pressure of the squalid, how it checks and impoverishes his spirit ! He must think of every penny. His house is dingy-looking. His wife's furs are worn and old. The house is a clatter with small and often angry domestic hubbub. He must attend to his own furnace, sift his own ashes, saw his own wood, shovel his own snow. How *chétif* and narrow it all is ! What possibility of emancipation or spaciousness or resultful activity under these circumstances ? Well, some day the dream is actualised. Life in all its accidents becomes spacious for him. But in the actual event our young man remains the same fretful, ineffectual creature as before. The change did not go deep enough. In fact, there had been no real change. Well, the last word on the lips of Juno had been, power—power conceived in the false, illusory sense. The Queen of Wisdom brushes this false view of life aside, and says with certitude, born of complete insight and the widest experience,

“ Self-Reverence, Self-Knowledge, Self-Control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.”

Let us look somewhat closely at these words.

To begin with, they wear the air of genuine inspiration. Let us reject peremptorily the narrow and wooden view that the only men who have been inspired have been the comparatively small band of towering men whose writings and records are included in what we call the Holy Scriptures. Any such idea surely proceeds from a small and provincial view of the world. God has not limited His illuminations to any one nation or to any one group of men. The Hebrew race was undoubtedly the greatest religious medium, the greatest religious organ, the world has seen. But, undoubtedly, also, other races, other men, other books have been the subjects and channels of transcendental illuminations. The great secular literature of the world is studded with genuinely inspired passages. And so it may safely be said that these words—instinct with insight, knowledge, and power to influence—are genuinely inspired :

“ Self-Reverence, Self-Knowledge, Self-Control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.”

The order in which the three great terms

of the passage occur is due simply to the rhythmical exigencies of the line. The order in which they are meant to stand, the logical order, is : Self - knowledge, Self - reverence, Self-control. Before we can revere ourselves we must know ourselves. And we must both know and revere ourselves before we shall think it worth while to try to hold ourselves in mastery.

Power is the object of all human effort. Power, that is to say, in some form or other. Even the Christian ideal scarcely changes this. Christianity sublimates our motives, and spiritualises them ; it alters the content of the term power ; but it does not eliminate this fundamental attribute of our nature. Power, in some guise, is the universal object of men's quest.

See that rider yonder, borne along swiftly on the back of his galloping steed. What is it fills him with a glow of exultation ? It is not simply the speed at which he is being carried. If his horse takes the bit in his teeth and runs away, whatever else the man feels, it will not be exultation. No, it is not speed ; but, more or less consciously, it is the sense

of mastery. That horse which he rides so well that he seems one with it, he controls. It is galloping now, it may be almost with the air of madness ; but, if he chooses, he can, in mid-career, bring it to a full-stop. He can haul it back on its haunches, he can make it caracole, curvet, rear. He can make it stand trembling with expectance, or he can make it strain its muscles in obedient flight. He can bring it under the very jaws of what, naturally, it most fears. All this lies implicit in his thrill of exultation. Perhaps he trained that horse in a British Columbia corral. He drove him off the hills into the rude log enclosure. In one evening, just there where the gulch widens out, and where the creek brawls noisily on its way to the lake, without throwing him heavily to the ground, or without any other brutal abuse, but just with the flicking of his long whip and with the lordship of his own eye, he conquered him ; and never since has there been any question as to who was master. The horseman thrills because he feels power.

Why do so many of the world's richest financiers toil till they are old, old men ?

Think of the spectacle presented by a man like Russell Sage. Rich beyond the dream of avarice, and yet, at eighty, or thereabout, working indefatigably in his office like the merest ambitious clerk whose foot is as yet barely on the first rung of the ladder. There are on this continent a score of fabulously wealthy men who yet go on working tirelessly. Money can be no object to them. If they, and if all the members of their families, stopped working instantly and totally, they could not spend even the natural increment of their capital. Why do these men—Rockefeller, Morgan, and the rest—go on as slaves? Simply because the passion for power is in their blood. It is not wholly the instinct for labour, it is the indubitable passion for power. They love the game. They love to make markets tremble. Let them buy debentures, and great enterprises go forward. Let them refuse, and industries languish. Let them lobby, and peace may be imperilled. Let them lunch at the White House or in Downing Street, and war, which perhaps was in the balance, may be declared impossible. Take

away the passion for power and the world's Finance will be atrophied.

Look at any representative English statesman—the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Lansdowne, Arthur Balfour, or the like. This man is not only superbly wealthy, it may be, but he is the bearer of an ancestral and distinguished name. He is an aristocrat to his finger tips. He is highly educated. He is a connoisseur in art. He has travelled widely. He has personal access to a number of great literatures. In addition to a noble town house, he has perhaps half a dozen stately homes in different parts of England. Each of them is buried deep in a lordly park, far from the common roads. The lawns of the parks are dotted with groups of deer. In every one of the six houses there is a splendid library. Why should a man, so circumstanced, work in the public service? Why, at bottom again you come on the passion for power. These men toil in the Committee-rooms of the House of Commons or the House of Lords. They have to turn night into day with labour. They deny themselves the pleasure of society, of the theatre, and of the library. It is only

the briefest intervals that they can snatch for travel; and even on the Riviera, in Switzerland, and in Algiers the telegraph follows them. Why all this? Because, glossed and transmuted as it may be, the lust of power is in their blood.

Why does the artist serve his long novitiate? Why does he make himself a racked mass of nerves, when he might be a healthy, comfortable animal? Why does he take infinite pains over the tiniest trifle? Why but this, that he wants to be supreme in his art—not necessarily, though quite probably, over other men, but particularly in his mastery over his material. He wants to glut the primal passion for power, which, in his case, takes on a special aspect. Whatever the medium is with which he elects to work—marble, harmony, words, colours—he wants to make it absolutely subject to his will. He wishes to come some day to the point where, whatever in its subtlest shading, his brain conceives, his hand may execute. Take away the avid passion for power and the world's art dwindles.

Let us examine, then, these three words,

as representing habits that are secrets of strength.

I. Self-knowledge.

We must know ourselves.

We must know ourselves physically. A vast share of the sin of the world is neither more nor less than disease. Everything that makes for greater health makes for better conduct. Prurience and impurity are the direct result of lack of poise ; and perfect poise means perfect health. The perfectly healthy man is saved from a legion of temptations. It is when the vital forces run low that we are most open to seduction. Morbidity is the child of ill-health, and morbidity is the mother of a throng of sins.

This is one reason, from a large national point of view, why we ought to favour the development of a citizen-soldiery. If every school in the country had its corps of cadets, there would be infinitely less vice among boys. A boy is not apt to smoke cigarettes, learn and tell bad stories, and cultivate other undesirable personal practices if he knows the joy that comes from throwing out his chest, marching erectly, and executing

military drill with precision. This advantage more than offsets any danger that may be supposed to lurk in the growth of the spirit of militarism. There is not much reason to fear the jingoism of a thoroughly healthy and competent people.

We should know much more than we do about the anatomy of the human body. Let your boy be taught how his body is built, and he will, almost inevitably, be saved from an army of dangers. The body of man is well worth studying. It is probably safe to say that, from the scientific standpoint of the adaptation of means to ends, the human body is the most superb thing God has made. How one admires the great printing press ! What is it, precisely, that one admires in it ? What but this, that with all its complexity, it seems perfectly designed to promote its end—the production of that daily marvel, the modern newspaper. But the body of man is godlike, in intricacy and design, compared with the printing press. Well, even from this physical point of view, may Hamlet exclaim : “ What a piece of work is a man ! ” He adds, among other details : “ In form

and moving, how express and admirable ! ”
Let us all study diligently the mysteries of this frame of ours.

We should know ourselves intellectually. It is always dangerous to speak of the secrets of success, but there are two, at any rate, about which there can be no manner of doubt : self-estimate and concentration. Study your powers, and then apply them. How many of us are in the line of life in which we actually find ourselves as a result of personal choice based on knowledge as to the nature of our talents ? Most of us have been plunged into our “ vocations,” willy - nilly. What likelihood is there of living scientifically or adequately, under those circumstances ? Morbidity is bad ; but reasonable self - analysis is essential. Too few of us have the habit of putting ourselves away at arm’s length, and looking at ourselves objectively. We live too much in the very ruck and welter of things. Ordinarily and habitually “ we cannot see the wood for the trees.” The details of life submerge us as a morass. We lose the sense of proportion. We have little or no perspective. We stay too tightly in the same

tracks the year round. We are sentimental creatures, and our usual environment becomes a cast iron frame and tyranny to us. To recover a true view of life and of ourselves, it is imperative that, every now and then, we should free ourselves from this tyranny, move out into a new environment, and look back at our old, that is to say, our habitual selves. Thus, and thus only almost, can we see how we are drifting. In scarcely any other way can we realise so clearly whether or not we are living in a manner adequate and suited to the nature and extent of our powers. There are many men for whom a journey away from home is a positive benediction—not because the new place is one whit better than their home, but because, going away, they are, by what is almost a natural law, constrained to look back on their usual selves and see how mistaken or criminal they have been.

We should know ourselves spiritually. On the most elementary ground, let us know ourselves *as* spirits. How many of us forget that, most essentially, we are spirits. The body imposes itself upon us. It absorbs us.

We forget that, literally, it is only a tenement, an instrument, a temple. We forget that it has a habitant, a denizen, other than itself, and vastly superior to itself. We forget that, in any true view, the spirit, which is really ourselves, is supreme. Or again the intellectual part of us, the mind, imposes itself. We let it fascinate us, and forget that, rightly regarded, even it must veil its flag to something other and higher. The fact is, many of us live as if we were not spirits at all. We develop and, it may be, pamper our bodies. We feed and furnish and exercise our minds. But we starve the aspiring part of us. We do not consort with good people. We do not think good thoughts. We do not read great and good books. We do not pray. We do not contemplate. What fate can await us save spiritual inanition and atrophy?

And, let us be in no doubt about it, he who starves his spirit, defeats himself. On the frankest secular and human basis, he cuts off his own head. We are all eager to have a career. To say that is only to say that we are men. If a man does not want to make a career for himself, let him die. Now, the

spiritual part of us is the crown of our being. Everything in us that is worth while reaches its culmination, its fruition there. Things have their birth, their basis, and roots, in the dark, and it may be rank depths of our bodies and minds. But they reach the surface, spread out and become crowns, and truly effective, only in the spiritual domain, in the spiritual region. And so the man who does not pay due heed to the spiritual part of him, truncates himself. He will find things recoil upon him. The zest will go out of life. "How stale, flat, and unprofitable, are all the uses of this world" will be, with him as with Hamlet, a frequent, if not an habitual exclamation. Read the remarkable autobiography of John Stuart Mill, and you will find this point illustrated in at least one important sense.

To be successful a man's life must be whole and integral; and to make it integral he must recognise and reckon upon the totality of his nature. Life should not be an affair of shreds and patches. And that it is bound to be, if you leave the spirit out of your calculations. Man is a sensitive creature, and

he cannot do himself justice, even in objective and purely mundane domains, unless he is living rightly, that is to say, sanely. And to starve a whole department of our constitution, is, most emphatically, not to live sanely. Fit recognition of our spiritual nature is the only thing that will keep us steady and consistent. Failing to give this recognition, our activity becomes fickle and erratic. Our friends cannot count on us ; we cannot count on ourselves. Hopes are entertained with regard to us, and we disappoint those hopes. The promise of our life darkens over, and we become fitful and irregular.

And so, even on the basis of the merest worldly interest, let us cultivate our spirits. John Ruskin was in the habit of appealing to the men of England from the standpoint of this life alone. Originally he was disposed to found his ethical arguments on the hope of immortality. But he found that there were many men who did not entertain this hope. And consequently his appeals passed over the heads of these. He set himself, therefore, to show that practical godliness was the wise thing in any event. In somewhat

the same spirit let us note that the nurture of our spiritual faculties is simply the dictate of common sense. Leave any side of your nature opaque, and you cannot avoid being a crippled, handicapped man. Include spiritual culture in your programme of life, and lo ! all your powers are emancipated. Your development becomes steady. Your faculties burgeon. You are no longer rowing against the stream : you are floating with it. All forces become auxiliary to you. You are no longer raising puny arms against the implacable stars : the very stars in their places are fighting with you. Life becomes genial ; and men smile upon you. You become, by native right, an optimist. The process of orientation becomes for you complete and constant. You are no longer an alien ; you are at home in God's universe of men and things. On this basis there is no limit to your development. Your whole nature becomes endued with an infinite resilience and buoyancy. No power then says cruelly to you, " Thus far, but no farther." There is a point, marked with rigorous sternness, beyond which that man

cannot go who starves his spirit. His powers may be of the most brilliant, but if he consents, tacitly or overtly, to the starving of his soul, he is in effect fighting against natural law, and nothing but defeat awaits him. The most striking powers will, in this event, get no result at all worthy of themselves. A far humbler instrument, carrying out the divine purpose, will emit a more resultful radiance, will accomplish greater things.

In order to recall us to the proper cultivation of our higher nature, it is desirable that we should be reminded constantly of the immanence of the spiritual. The material, which so engrosses us, which so thrusts itself upon us, is englobed and engirdled by the superior element. The higher forces are trying all the while to press in upon us, to impinge upon us, so to say, held back only by our purblindness and hardness.

II. Self-reverence.

We should reverence ourselves.

We should reverence our bodies. It would be virtually impossible to find anywhere a man who is precisely what he might have been, had he to the letter obeyed this admo-

nitition. We have all laid unholy hands upon ourselves. We have not dealt with our body as though it were a temple ; nay, we have not dealt with it even as though it were a perfect and marvellous machine. In our ways of eating, drinking, sleeping, working, as well as in other crueller matters, most of us have criminally wronged it. It is impossible to dwell here upon the horrid retributions of law violated. Nature has her pains and her pleasures, her rewards and her penalties ; and these she metes out with a high inexorableness.

We should reverence ourselves, intellectually. What a superb thing man is mentally ! Let Hamlet be quoted to the same purpose as before. “ What a piece of work is a man. How noble in reason. How infinite in faculty. In form and moving how express and admirable. In action how like an angel. In apprehension how like a God ! ” Most of the items of this eulogy refer, not unrightly, to man’s mind. In this connection let us look at just one aspect of man’s mind—the creative faculty. What marvellous differentiating agencies, personality and self-consciousness

are ! So far as we know, of all the creatures that God has made below the angels, man alone is endowed with the gift of self-consciousness. Man alone not only is, but knows that he is ; not only does, but knows that and why he does. Man alone thrusts his work away at arm's length, and contemplates it. Go to some backwoods stream, and watch the beaver building his dam. The dam is ingenious. The beaver's industry is absolutely admirable. He gnaws the bark. He fells the tree. He drags it to the waterside. He uses it cunningly for his purposes. But let the beaver be asked why he builds his dam : he cannot tell. He is mastered by his instinct. He is in its grip. He is not on top of his work : his work is on top of him. See the birds as they fly southward. Every autumn you may go out at night and hear the Honk, Honk ! of the wild geese as they go south, afraid to challenge our northern winter. They advance with every air of design. They have their leaders at the head of their wedge-like array. Quite possibly they have their scouts and outflinders, their fore-guard and rear-guard. They do not cut across the sky at random,

but follow great highways and routes of communication like the Red River. How admirable all this is ! And yet, let the birds be asked why they go south, and, again, they cannot tell. They are mastered by their instinct. They are in its grip. They are not on top of their achievement : their achievement is on top of them. How different it is with man ! He stands aloof from his work. He views it with detachment, and, as it were, from a height. From everything that he does, too, rightly considered, there disengages itself an aroma of his personality. You write a postcard—to your mother, your brother, your friend. It comprises only thirty or forty words. It refers to nothing but trifles or routine. Nevertheless bow down and worship. Since the beginning of time there has been no man, who, save in the way of manually transcribing it after you, could write that postcard save yourself. And these two elements of self-consciousness and personality mark all the aspects and results of man's creative activity. They enter into and differentiate the humblest and the sublimest things that he does—his letters, his essays,

his orations, his statues, his pictures, his cathedrals—and they sweep you up to the very throne of God, where, seated, He planned and executed this universe of His.

We should reverence our spirits. Here again let the view be limited to one aspect. We should reverence our spirits, if for nothing else, at any rate for their heroism.

(1) The heroism evinced by their persisting in the belief that we men and women sustain an altogether special relation to God. What empirical warrant is there for such persistence? Very little. We are swept out of life like the merest insects. You are in your basement. On the cement floor in front of you you see a spider. Actuated by instinctive repulsion, or quite thoughtlessly, you rest the ball of your foot on it, and grind it to death. You move your foot, and on the cement you see—a spot of moisture. You wait for a moment and lo! even the moisture has evaporated. The spider has disappeared almost as utterly as if it had never been. The falling of your foot was to that spider doubtless like a bolt from a clear sky. At the moment of the catastrophe he was intent

upon his own plans. His feet were carrying him to the execution of his love or of his hate. Right in the midst of his activity, without warning, he was caught and ground. But does the same sort of thing not happen to men? A few years ago when we woke one morning the newspapers told us that during the night hundreds of thousands of tons of rock had fallen away from the hillside and had crushed out a score or so of lives in the little village of Frank, Alberta, which had nestled daringly and yet peacefully, in the valley. Babes were crushed in their mothers' arms. Doubtless men were intercepted in the very hour and article of their sins. And think, since, of Mont Pelée, San Francisco, and Messina. What is the difference between man and the spider?

And yet man persists in saying that he, as not the spider, is the very child of God. And in aspiring and thankful token thereof, he rears his churches. Rears them everywhere—in the islands of the sea, in the heart of the mountains, on the rim of the Arctic circle, in the silence of the forests, in the central roar of the city. Let us see in every church, no

matter how humble, no matter how supremely beautiful, a proof of the dauntless moral heroism of the spirit of man.

(II) The Heroism evinced by our spirits as they persist in the belief that the soul of man is immortal. And, again, what empirical warrant is there for such persistence? You cannot by any chain of reasoning prove that man is immortal. There is no place for Immortality in any purely human system of philosophy. The last word of philosophy must still be: "Immortality, if it be at all, must be the gift of God." "The undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns" is a fixed and settled phrase. No *man* has come back to tell us. And yet the gallant spirit within us will have it that it is immortal. It refuses to believe that, for it, "dusty death" is all. It flings itself in the very teeth of probability, and says that it lives for ever. What is there in the universe of God so indomitable as the soul of a man?

III. Self-control.

What is there that we admire so much as self-control, and the resourcefulness that usually accompanies it? And, as often as

not, the man who is in perfect possession of himself is a surprise to us. Look at that quiet, reserved man there. He has never had anything in particular to say for himself. You never thought of him for one moment as a leader. But suddenly something happens: a crowded office - building catches fire, a team of horses runs away, a boat is capsized; and lo! this silent, mouse-like man becomes a lion, displays resource, and as many as are needed fall in behind to do his bidding. The man who has mastered himself, masters the multitude.

All the elements of our nature enter into the phenomenon of self-control. You cannot be perfectly self-controlled unless you are developed symmetrically. At least you cannot reap the harvest that rightfully belongs to self-control, unless your powers have been developed evenly. Often we say: "Where there's a will there's a way." But we sometimes have to learn the ruthless lesson that, with the best will in the world, there are some things that we cannot accomplish. Thomas Hardy's poor Jude in "Jude the Obscure" had to bow to that law. How

the soul of the poor stone-worker yearned for the culture of Oxford ! But, alas, Oxford was not for such as he. The die was cast : he had to accept the inevitable. Let it be repeated : into thorough self-control there enters the culture of our whole nature. The man whose body is anæmic, whose muscles remain undeveloped, who has neglected the manly arts ; the man whose intellect has been starved ; the man who has overlooked his spiritual nature—none of these men can be completely master of himself. You are walking with your little girl over a bridge. She asks you to let her walk on the top of the railing. In a foolish moment you consent. You hold her hand, make her go slowly, and think all is well. But, as you bow to a friend in a passing street-car, her hand slips from yours, and in an instant she is in the water. No matter how strong your will is, if you cannot swim, you cannot save her. You may lose your own life, but you cannot rescue hers.

Lastly, self-control cannot be acquired in an instant. To be in a position to display it in crucial emergencies the capacity for it

must be won during the long and quiet processes of uneventful life. Carlyle worshipped at the shrine of great men. He seemed to believe that the object of God was the production of the great man. A whole generation was wasted to good purpose if it bred a really towering figure. That is, in one regard, what may be called an aristocratic view of life. The fact is, it is too aristocratic. We are no longer satisfied to sacrifice the many for the few. The grand objective is not the production of a few isolated and spectacular prodigies, but the development of a competent multitude, indeed of a competent race. But if it is not true that the race lives for a few giants, it is true, in a very important sense, that a man's life is lived for its crucial moments. A man's performance in some one half-hour may at once disclose the quality of his whole past life and determine the residue of it. And, perhaps more often than not, those "half-hours" come unexpectedly. Many a man does in a crisis what he never remotely dreamed he could do. He surprises himself. He takes himself and his friends by a species of assault. The explanation is : he has been

living deeply and truly. He has been gathering force as the years went by. Of a sudden, a great capacity flashes from him. In part unwittingly it may be, he has paid the price ; and now he gets the reward. Incidentally let it be said, this should teach us to trust our natures more than we do. They have undreamed-of capabilities. They have mellowing powers that are all their own. Too much of our time we act on the beggarly theory that everything has to be imported from without. We rely unduly on the adventitious and extraneous ; forgetting what would often bring us unspeakable comfort, namely, that our nature has healing, recuperating, and ripening tendencies of its own.

But to be great in isolated moments, we must be true during the long intervals. The momentary emergency reveals the whole past. Victor Hugo describes a striking incident in his "Ninety-Three." A gun on board a war frigate breaks loose from its fastenings. Through carelessness the chain had been left a little loose. The wheels of the carriage played slightly in their sockets. With each oscillation of the ship this play grew more

pronounced. At last the chain snaps, and, with a bound, the gun is free. It darts hither and thither. It seems gifted with a demoniac buoyancy. The few men in the battery dash to the hatchway. But first one, and then another, as he chooses his moment for escape, is intercepted. The first time he is struck, he falls stunned. The next he is cut horribly. The gun runs over all that fall, now straightly, now on the bias. Their bodies are mangled, and the whole place becomes a shambles. Meantime, the ship itself is being destroyed. Gaping holes are being made in the sides. What possibility is there of relief? Nothing can stop the destruction, because nothing can stop the oscillation. Suddenly a man appears at the foot of the ladder. In both hands he holds a great iron crow-bar. On one arm hangs a coil of heavy rope. He poises himself in a corner, like a tiger in act to spring. Suddenly the psychological moment arrives. As the gun crosses the compartment there is an instant when the floor is completely lateral. The cannon hovers, as if undecided, just for a second. From his place of safety the man leaps, thrusts

the bar between the spokes, and the monster is held at a standstill. Almost before you could tell it, the rope completes the captivity. Well, that man's whole life expressed itself in that splendid deed. In long and patient labour he had won the keen eye, the muscular arm, the clear judgment that now enabled him to succeed. He virtually lavished a whole lifetime on a single instant. Let us remember that the slightest falsity in our living may betray us in the moment that is, for us, most pregnant with consequence.

May we know ourselves ; may we reverence ourselves ; may we master ourselves ! Let us live like men and not like brutes ; like men and not like children. Let us in the long and quiet reaches of our lives so comport ourselves that in the moments of crisis that really count we may quit ourselves like men and be strong !

V

THE ELEMENT OF DESIGN IN HUMAN HISTORY

“I see that Thou bringest all things to an end.”—

PSALM 119, verse 96.

THE ultimate fact or belief on which the Christian religion turns, is the fact or belief that God is interested in man. This is more fundamental even than the life and work of Christ, inasmuch as it provides and asserts a motive for these. With the Greek and Roman conception of divinities reclining on luxurious couches about splendid banqueting tables, either not hearing at all, or only hearing reduced to an attenuate murmur, the cry of the world's woe, Christianity has absolutely nothing in common. According to Christianity God is vividly concerned in man. His interest in the individual is a matter, one may say, of experience, or more or less conscious knowledge: in one sense it may be left without comment: it attests

itself. But the conviction of God's interest in the race as such stands in need of frequent statement ; because, the intervals of time involved being so extended, and the stage concerned being otherwise so vast, men are apt to be overwhelmed by details and to lose the infinite comfort and upliftment of a total impression.

Change is one of the outstanding facts of human history. Nothing human or mundane evades it. A man flatters himself that his views, temper, tastes, manners are fixed. Five or ten years pass. A moment necessitating comparison and inventory comes : he finds that he has shifted his centre, that he is responsive to new motives. He has more aspiration and sensibility, or less ; he is more cynical, or less ; he is more resolute, or less. He who deluded himself with the idea that he was adamant, stands convicted in his own eyes of having all the while been mere clay in the hands of some potter. A family has remained unbroken throughout many years. It grows, as it were, conscious of its integrity. It looks with a sort of detached compassion on other and disrupted

households. Whatever happens, it seems to go on indissoluble. But the time comes when it breaks at the edge ; and thenceforward, alas, its disintegration is speedy. Some one year breaks it to fragments. The father is taken, perhaps, and all are scattered to the winds. Institutions, even if they happen not to decay, shift their moorings, and change their character and practices. Dynasties and Empires rise, flourish, and pass. " Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they ? " Byron rightly exclaims, as he looks out over the waste of ocean.

The almost inevitable effect of the contemplation of change is Melancholy. The universal flux of things breeds pensiveness. The heart of man grows afraid as it realises with a pang that nothing, absolutely nothing, is stable. Somewhat incidentally it may be said that the Anglo-Saxon race to which we belong has been marked to an unequalled degree by a melancholy thus engendered. The very quarter of the world in which our race has chiefly flourished has perhaps something to do with this. In our hostile lands there has been little to beguile men's eyes,

or to relieve them in any way of the impact of the horrid truth. And yet this pensiveness, together with the conditions from which it conceivably springs, should not be regarded as a curse. It has indeed been transmuted into a blessing. It has made our race in the broadest sense, strenuous rather than indolent. It has flung us hard upon the ethical and spiritual rather than upon the sensuous. It has filled us with a sense of high responsibility.

Among all Anglo-Saxons and Teutons, Shakespeare is supreme. And in no respect is he more racially supreme than in the degree to which he is impressed with the transitoriness of things, and, accordingly, in the degree to which he is haunted by the eternal sadness which springs from this. *Sic transit gloria mundi* are words that are written large over the temple of his collective drama. Speaking to the intended husband of his child, the wizard Prospero says :

“Like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud capp’d towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

Now put these absolutely mature, these final words of the greatest of the Teutons, beside the striking words of the Hebrew Psalmist that are quoted beneath the title of this paper: "I see that *Thou* bringest all things to an end." It will be noted without delay that, in the universal flux of things so calculated to strike dismay into the breast of man, Shakespeare, in this passage at any rate, does not seem at all to recognise the hand of God. With pitiless, stoical detachment he records the objective, cruel fact. The Psalmist, on the other hand, with one of those flashes of insight that are so infinitely impressive and so infinitely precious, says: "I see"—not suppose, infer, believe—"I see that *Thou* bringest all things to an end." And again, Shakespeare undoubtedly overstates the extent to which things pass. If one took his words at full value, they would mean that things pass leaving no residuum. If that were true progress would be impossible,

and despair would be the natural attitude of the human mind.

In order that a high confidence may be restored to the breast of man, in order that he may be enabled to maintain his serenity amid the constant shift of things, it is essential that he realise that God is at work in human history. Not to realise this is to open the door to recklessness and libertinism. To eliminate an immanent and operative God is to disrupt society. Social disintegration is the natural result either of atheism or agnosticism. There can be no gravity or restraint in life unless there is confidence ; and confidence in the wisdom of things means neither less nor more than a belief that the hand of God can be discerned in the general direction of human affairs. Change without conservation of results would mean a haphazard world. The fact that change occurs constantly, and yet that progress is registered, shows that God is at work in the world that He has made. The thesis of this paper is that the method of change discloses God. In the river Parritt, in the county of Somerset, in southern England, the tide rises in the form of a " bore."

As the wall of water advances swiftly, the river to its depth is lashed and churned fiercely. The clay from the bottom and sides is worked up into the water, which grows thoroughly turbid. As the commotion dies away the clay settles down on artificial terraces or platforms. Hardening in layers it is cut out, and there you have the pumice-stone with which everyone is familiar. Some such sedimentary process is the key to the meaning of History. Each race and institution thrives, does its work, makes its deposit, and passes. From each a contribution is levied ; and this contribution forms the reason of its existence. Let us examine a few races, institutions, and epochs in order to illustrate this principle.

That primitive peoples should believe in a multitude of gods, is by no means hard to understand. The anthropomorphic tendency is natural to man. The exhibition of force naturally suggests personality. And so man, to begin with, sees a god in every cloud that drifts across the sky, in every river that sets toward the sea, in every spring that bubbles from the mountain side. The zephyr suggests a gentle god ; the volcano or the earthquake

a violent and vindictive one. But a belief in polytheism is essentially crude, and besides, it invariably results in immorality. The intellectual and ethical nature of man cannot repose on a plurality of Gods. It is imperative that monotheism take the place of polytheism. There must be a special race to preach this gospel to the world. That race was found in the ancient Hebrews. In order that they themselves may perfect this great idea, and then teach it to the world, they must have a *locus standi*, a permanent abode, and this place of abode must be strategically situated. Men like Goldwin Smith have marvelled over the bloodshed with which the Old Testament is stained. They have called the Old Testament the millstone of Christianity. They have in effect said, "How could God look on and see all these enormities committed?" But a strategic land had to be emptied and cleared for a people with a great world-message, and the time was primitive. The surpassing importance of the destined message may be considered to have justified heroic measures. What, from a world point of view at any rate, flings a veil

of extenuation over the barbarities that marked the Hebrew occupation of Palestine, is the splendid lesson that the Jew was to teach mankind. That lesson was, that God is One. This is one grand objective of man's thinking, and the preliminary source of all morality. Not until the mind of man is gripped by this great conception do law and order take the place of lawlessness and latitude. It was not unnatural that a heavy price had to be paid for this incomparable advance. And how admirably was that tiny land at the Eastern end of the Mediterranean fitted to be the *locus standi* of a teaching and revealing race! When this colossal advance was duly registered, when the Jews had sufficiently impressed upon the world the superb idea of the unity and righteousness of God, and, in particular, when they had produced a figure who disclosed with surpassing power of appeal, the content of the Nature of God, they, as a nation, were scattered over the face of the earth. No one can think that the Jewish race did not leave its world-deposit.

The nature of man is splendidly complex ;

and somehow, it has been God's plan to provide for the development of his varied faculties, not *pari passu*, not simultaneously, but in succession. This coincides with the development of the individual, and consequently, there is nothing in it to cause us surprise. The growing child lavishes his force successively on single phases of activity. To mention trivial details, now walking, now writing, now spelling, exhausts all the energy of the moment. And each new acquisition, when moderately won, drops back into the region of the automatic ; leaving the bulk of the force for new victories. Evidently the practice has been similar in the case of the race. We have seen that the impact of the Jew was clearly on the religious nature of man. The Greek made his contribution from an angle totally different. The major contribution of the Hellenic world to the growing corpus of civilisation and to the developing nature of man, may be admitted to have been made on the æsthetic side. In the domain of æsthetics the Greeks were, and remain, supreme. To them, as to no race before or since, was vouchsafed the ravishing

sense of beauty : Greek is synonymous with artistic. This fortunate people had an unequalled appreciation of poise, symmetry, and proportion. And they succeeded alike to the despair and admiration of the whole world, in lavishing, one might dare to say, their total force upon individual products. Other peoples seem to have been compelled on individual occasions, to express themselves fractionally. The happy Hellenic race would seem again and again to have uttered itself integrally. And so this race, holding for too brief a time the primacy of the world, wreaked itself joyously on statues, temples, orations, tragedies, and philosophies.

In the fullness of time Greece fell, conquered by Rome. And lo ! what happened ? The objects that represented the very epitome, the very condensation of the activity of Greece were transferred, in profusion, to Rome. Greece was rifled to adorn the City on the Tiber. Generals like Mummius did with the art treasures of Greece precisely what, long centuries after, Napoleon did with those of Italy and the Low Countries. Rome, the radiating centre of the world, became the

Louvre of the world. The transfer to the great world-emporium of its quintessential products, simply made it easy for the Greek race, on a large scale, to teach mankind the one lesson that it was designed pre-eminently to teach. Robbery was thus overruled to superb purpose. Lest it should be supposed that the profoundly educative value of objects of art of the highest order is being exaggerated here, consider, for example, the marvellous influence that has been exerted on numberless men by the Elgin marbles in the British Museum; and consider the complete transformation in the manner and genius of the great German Goethe as attested by that *Iphigeneia* which he wrote in direct consequence of his *Italienische Reise*. In the matter of æsthetics, indubitably, the world has gone to school to Greece. No one can doubt that the Hellenic race, in passing, left its deposit.

The Jew was the religious schoolmaster of the world. The Hellene was the æsthetic schoolmaster of the world. What, now, about the Roman? There are few chapters in the history of mankind more superb than

the story of the rise, expansion, and world-domination of Rome. The obscure history of Alba Longa merges quickly in the history of her greater daughter. The city on the Seven Hills, squalid enough no doubt to begin with, gathered strength as she wrestled for existence with neighbouring tribes. Gradually she imposed herself. At length she asserted her hegemony over the whole of the Italian peninsula. Then, resistlessly, she began to reach out to Spain, to Africa, to Illyria, to Greece, to Asia, to Gaul, to Britain. Rome stood for the apotheosis of material power. Whatever nation aspires to world sovereignty recalls Rome. Who thinks of Rome, thinks perforce of an imperial city, of radiating roads built as if to endure for ever, of aqueducts and viaducts, of luxurious baths, of splendid villas, of fortified camps, of ruthless legionaries, of inflexible laws, of centralised, swift-striking government. At length Rome fell before the lumbering Teutons, those vast children of nature, as Charles Kingsley has taught us to call them. But the world has never forget its Roman lesson. In particular Rome survives in the Church that was, with

some exactness, its mediæval, and that is, in some sense, its modern heir; and in systems of law that dominate Latin Europe and Latin America. And then, in addition, as the Hebrew cultivated the Spirit of man, as the Greek cultivated the Imagination of man, so the Roman cultivated the practical capacity of man. Men first became really effective in Rome. Every real man of affairs is a Roman. There can be no thought but that Rome, in passing, left its deposit.

There are a number of large elements in connection with the record of the Middle Ages that might be signalled as illustrating the thesis that is being maintained here, namely, that there is, plainly recognisable, a divine element in human history. Let a few of these be glanced at.

One of the outstanding features of the Mediæval Period was Feudalism. Feudalism may be defined as an exquisitely compacted and graduated system of relationships that ultimately came to extend from the King upon the throne to the humblest serf virtually chained to the soil. It became one of the passions of the mediæval mind to perfect

this system. None was permitted to escape it. None wished to escape it; because to stand outside its pale was to be ostracised. None could afford to be unattached. Thus, not seldom, a powerful duke or baron would swear fealty to another weaker than himself, because he could find no one stronger—and this, simply to put himself in harmony with the passion of the time. At length men outgrew Feudalism. De Quincey in his essay on Joan of Arc has sketched a striking picture of Feudalism at Crecy or Poitiers as an angel, standing on tiptoe, with wings outspread, ready to leave the earth. The gigantic system disappeared. Had the iron net-work, then, with which it covered society, meant sheer waste? By no means. Feudalism, in passing, left its indelible imprint. Man had through long centuries gone to school to Feudalism; and the lesson that he learned was the lesson of the Solidarity of Society. Scarcely any idea, to-day, is more basal or operative than the idea that each is related to all, and that all are related to each. Thence spring the possibility of our organised collective life, our disposition to public spirit, and so on.

The conception of the oneness of any given society is largely due to the long reign of Feudalism. This was a great legacy. One might refer in the like vein to the great mediæval institution of chivalry. Chivalry held effective sway for many centuries ; at length shrank into a mere form ; and finally vanished. But, in point of fact it persists in society in a certain gracious temper, in a certain significant attitude of the sexes toward each other, and in some other ways. Neither Feudalism nor Chivalry is without its permanent witnesses.

The Middle Ages are ordinarily regarded as having ended with the fall of Constantinople before Mahomet II. in 1453. This event closed the thousand years or so in some senses unfairly called the Dark Ages. The fall of the City made necessary the exodus of Greek scholars and the scattering throughout Italy, in particular, of ancient manuscripts. These events themselves resulted in a renewed knowledge of the masterpieces of the antique world ; and this new knowledge was the signal for the emancipation of the long shackled mind of man. The human

intellect thus liberated soon gave magnificent account of itself. Thenceforward in quick succession came such great happenings as the discovery of gunpowder, the invention of printing, the discovery of America, and, in general, the superb efflorescence of literature and the arts, known collectively as the Renaissance. Now, the intrusion of the Turk into Europe has proven a curse ; but no one with the sense of proportion will deny that this localised curse has, from a large world point of view, been far more than offset by the long line of achievements of the modern period, whose ushering in was made possible and, as it were, inevitable by this very intrusion.

One of the conspicuous features of the latter part of the modern period has been the use of machinery. The extensive use of machinery, together with the microscopic division of labour ordinarily associated therewith, is undoubtedly hostile to the development of the individual. It may be said somewhat safely that it was fortunate for the race that the use of machinery did not become widespread earlier than was actually the

fact. It must be admitted that men like Ruskin have been right in pointing out that, to be condemned, virtually for the whole of one's life, to make with the aid of machinery, not a thing, but only a small part of a thing, can result in the development, not of a whole man, but only of a fraction of a man. The machine-era, by itself, tends to produce a relatively small number of prodigies, and a swarming multitude of fractional creatures. Happily, the period of the machine was preceded by a vastly long period during which hand-labour was the order of the day. Undivided manual labour developed the individual. What is it that fills you with indescribable emotion, that moves you to inexplicable admiration, as you gaze at the great mediæval cathedrals? What but this, that in them you see embodiments of a period when men were obliged and privileged to lavish their whole personality, and so develop their whole personality, as they toiled with brain and hand at their undivided tasks? The era of hand-labour, as such, has passed; but its lesson can never be forgotten. It has produced an ineffaceable

impression. It has left its contribution in our acute sense of the dignity and value of the fully developed personality of the individual man.

It should be needless to say that the instances so far cited to support the working idea under consideration here, lay no claim to exhausting the matter. They are simply significant and representative. Let a close be made by reference to two others, somewhat widely separated from what has preceded, and totally unrelated to each other.

Consider the case of the British Empire. Since the Battle of Waterloo at any rate, if not since the Battles of Plassey and the Plains of Abraham, Great Britain has undeniably been the most commanding and impressive of the nations of the world. Now the chronology of great governing states has invariably been something like this: a period of infancy, anarchy, impotence; a period of truculent self-assertion and expansion; a period of supremacy; a period of decadence. Suppose Great Britain should be doomed to run this gamut. Suppose she should have to subscribe to this hard law. She would have

no right to complain. She has no *a priori* right to escape. If she escape she must do so by her own fortitude, resolution, integrity, and foresight. But suppose she dwindled and disappeared. She can do so only nominally. She cannot really pass ; because she has made ineffaceable contributions. She has given the world—in effect, whatever pedants may say—trial by Jury. She has given the world parliamentary government, responsible government, which is a refinement upon the former and not the same thing ; the principle of local self-government, both largely and minutely applied. She has taught the world, as it was never taught before, that a passion for a large general justice and for the amelioration of subject peoples, constitutes the prime duty of supreme states. She will have bequeathed to men a literature quite unequalled in robustness, in variety, and in ethical purity. Why should one scruple to say that these are among the things that God meant her to contribute to civilisation ?

Again. These are days when Churches are gravitating towards each other. The

majority of plain men to-day care very little about theological divisions. At the outset Protestantism represented a superbly vigorous recoil from the gigantic system of uniformity, which it was the passion of Romanism to realise. The right of private judgment had to be established. Thence inevitably ensued a multitude of sects. Nor is it surprising that the relations between them have been marked by much censoriousness and much animosity. But the victory has been won. The emphasis has been marked sufficiently. It is time for a new synthesis. Now suppose this programme is carried out. Suppose such unions occur between great Churches as that now being advocated in Canada. Will participating Churches really forfeit their existence? Properly viewed, it cannot be so. The past cannot be annihilated. The stirring histories of all, the diverse genius of all, will become the heritage of the United Church of the future. One will contribute its devotion to culture, its massive sense of reverence, its fine mundane morality. Another will contribute its passion for independence and freedom. Still another will contribute its

spiritual emphasis and its eager adherence to great moral causes. None will really pass.

“The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.”

Progress is the law of the race. There can be no progress without change. But in the change and flux of things, nothing substantial is forfeited. Mankind is moving forward to a distant and stately objective. The consciousness that, not simply as individual men, but as communities, nations, and a race, we are in the hands of God, should add itself to the mighty auxiliaries making for righteousness, and should contribute notably to height and dignity of living.

VI

STRUGGLE AND SURVIVAL

ONE of the most conspicuous facts of Existence is the fact of struggle. To it is due all the advance that man has made, from the most primitive barbarism to the most complex civilisation. And what herculean advance has man not made! Select, for example, such great departments of activity as production, distribution, and communication. Compare the primitive Indo-European peasant sowing with excess of labour a few bushels of seed on the scarcely-scratched surface of the soil, with the representative Western farmer, who, with his land carefully prepared the autumn before, is able, thanks to abundance of men, machinery, and horses, to seize the propitious instant and sow hundreds of acres in a few days. Compare the Breton peasant, threshing with wooden flail on his cleanly swept yard the few sheaves that have been drawn on lum-

bering cart from field to barn by an aged woman and a little child, with that same Western farmer who stations his gasolene engine in the very field where the wheat grew, who draws it from the mouth of the separator to the elevator without so much as putting it in sacks, and who may quite easily have the money in his pocket for his product the very evening of the day he threshes it. Compare the Indian grinding a few handfuls of corn roughly in the hollow of a rock with the great modern mill lighted and worked with electricity and turning out its thousands of barrels of almost perfect flour a day. Compare the slow percolation of news in ancient times when letters and dispatches had to be entrusted to the apparently swift foot of the runner, to the rider on horseback, or to the picturesque but capricious sailing-vessel, with those modern miracles, the telegraph, the submarine cable, and the telephone. Think for a moment of the telephone. You are seated with your family in your home on a fiercely cold winter night. A storm is raging without. Your little group seems wholly isolated by the storm and the darkness.

Suddenly a tiny bell tinkles. You step to a corner of the room or to the hall, place a receiver to your ear, and lo ! your isolation is ended ! Two households are united. Under, it may be, miles of city streets, and through storm and driving cold, you chat at ease with your friend. But why speak of two friends in the same city ? A man in Winnipeg may speak with his partner in Chicago and, over an interval of a thousand miles, detect the modulations of his voice. On a certain morning in the spring of 1906 a half-dozen telegraph lines running between New York and San Francisco stopped working abruptly ; and, one may say, instantly, it was known in New York and Boston and Montreal that some gigantic catastrophe had occurred on the Pacific Coast. That morning sensitive instruments in the University of Toronto registered seismic disturbances beginning a few seconds before, forty-five hundred miles away. Some holocaust of destruction sets in at it matters not what spot on the globe, at Naples, at Mont Pelée, at Messina, at San Francisco, and, almost instantly, an army of correspondents in the

pay of great metropolitan newspapers is on the ground, flashing minute details of the disaster all round the world.

These are some of the dramatic superficial evidences of man's achievement ; and they, and their like, are all the result of his titanic age-long toil. Man has not only striven heroically, nay stupendously, but he has been parsimonious in preserving the fruits of his labour. Nothing is forfeited. A complex modern machine, for instance, is what it is in consequence of a multitudinous number of most painful steps. The great printing-press, enchaining all eyes by its intricacy and its air of many-handed, human design and cunning, is the packed embodiment of the labours of all, obscure and distinguished, haughty and humble, who at any time have struggled in its field. The entire and stately fabric of society, at once intimate and objective, at once subtle and obvious, is the outcome of indescribable effort.

By way of aside, it may be remarked that however impressive man's achievements have been, however sumptuous the pomp and circumstance with which, thanks to his own

efforts, man has been enabled to surround himself, he should never forget that in the actual moments when nature lets loose her elemental forces, her earthquakes, her volcanoes, her cyclones, her tidal waves, he is a thing of the slightest efficacy, of the least possible resisting power. It is certainly calculated to give us pause when we remember that, at such times, the more delicate, the more highly diversified the structure he has erected, the more dire is apt to be the destruction. Suppose that on that spring morning in 1906 to which reference has already been made, a simple Indian encampment had been all that marked the promontory overlooking the entrance to the Golden Horn. The natural convulsion would have come just as it did ; but how petty would have been the disturbance, how slight the wreckage, how insignificant the toll of life ! The chances are that the very next day the smoke would have curled lazily to the sky from the very same wigwams, and that, while their women worked, Indian men might have been seen there lounging in filth and contentment beside their camp-fires. But how different

the actual event ! In point of fact, modern men had built on that site a great city. They had bored with avarice of space into the bowels of the earth. They had reared sky-scrapers of brick and stone and steel. They had crowded office buildings with the populations of small towns. They had covered Nob Hill with palatial residences, and when the blow fell, delicate, sensitive, highly organised, competent men and women were pinned to desperation beneath their own girders, were crushed by their own roofs ; cowered shivering night after night, about the embers of their former homes ; and day after day kept fleeing in terror from the very scenes that but a week before had been the chief evidences of their ingenuity and their industry. Still, here again with ant-like persistence man snatches victory from the jaws of defeat. He attests at once his callousness and his gallantry by rebuilding his Galvestons, his San Franciscos, his Messinas.

The theme is Struggle, and what results therefrom. Well, much of this struggle, both in the domain of human existence and in the domains below the human, takes the form

of actual Fighting. If we are to believe the scientists, and if we are to trust what we ourselves occasionally see, internecine hate would appear to be the almost universal principle of existence as between the lower orders of life. Henry D. Thoreau, the naturalist, in his "Walden" describes a fight between a red and a white ant, which took place close to the door-step of his little cabin in the woods. Those frail insects wrestled among the chips and leaves until their bodies were wound about each other in a knot indissoluble. Nor did the struggle end until they had ripped each other's limbs from their sockets, and they fell over, mutually dead. Who will say what malignity of hate animated those tiny bosoms?

But men, not dissimilarly, have again and again shown themselves avid of slaughter. Thomas de Quincey, in his "Flight of a Tartar Tribe" portrays a scene of horrid carnage that was enacted on the shores of Lake Tengis within the confines of the Chinese Empire. For days and weeks the Cossacks had hung on the rear of the refugees. Pursuers and pursued had been decimated

by hunger, choked with the sand of the desert, and parched with heat. At length the fugitives reach the glistening waters of the lake. Into these they rush to the shoulder and drink like beasts. Before they have finished, arrive the Cossacks. Oblivious of all save their thirst, these last also plunge in. When the two companies have drunk their fill, they become aware of each other. Turning to, they fight until the shallow lake is literally red with gore, and the surface of the water is strewn with tossed legs and arms and torsos! And what demoniac hatred of the wild beasts was not surpassed by the scenes that were almost daily exhibited about Port Arthur in the recent war? Again and again the Japanese tore their bodies through net-works of barbed wire, and showed that they were ready to die with a fierce shout of exultance if only, in dying, they could feel their fingers tightening about the throats of their foes. There is enough in Nature, and there has been enough in History, to make one feel at times as if Hate were basal, and as if the very Universe were red with slaughter.

But not all the Fighting that is done in

society is waged by men against men. Sometimes—though this only slightly obscures it—it is waged against what may be called Prevailing Conditions. Here we come face to face with the ghastly fact of Diffusive Poverty. Let us realise the enormity of this afresh by glancing at a couple of pictures. During the anthracite coal strike in 1905 the following cartoon, if one dare so call it, appeared in an American paper. A little girl of nine or ten, wearing a meagre cloud about her head and neck, and a thin, short slip of a dress that rather showed than hid her starved figure, stood with a small wooden pail filled with coal in her right hand, looking up, eagerly and yet ignorantly, at a bulletin board. At the top of the board in big characters one read: "What the Operators Demand." This was followed by small print impossible to make out. Then below, again written large, appeared: "The Claims of the Men." Thereafter more small type. Beneath the picture ran the legend: "Why There Should Be No Coal Strike." One more picture. On any sweltering day in August in New York you may see a long line of gaunt, broken

men waiting their turn to get access to the public baths. A man will sometimes stand in the sun almost the livelong day before he gets his plunge into the cool shock of the water. And after he gets it, short as it is, where, pray, does he go? Back to sleep, or to try to sleep in some foul dive below the level of the street, or, in abandon, on the flat roof of the tenement block, or even on the heated surface of the asphalt pavement. Still by way of effort to realise, compare this picture with the summer life, say, of a wealthy Boston merchant. Some miles to the north, between the city and Marblehead, on a sweeping curve of ocean shore, he has a lovely villa. He leaves his office early in the afternoon. Think what awaits him. Think of the wide verandas, the swinging hammocks, the fresh linen, the cooling ices, the lawns running down almost to the water's edge, the horses, and the sail-boats. Such images as these bring us faintly face to face with the spectral and threatening fact of Poverty with which, as with some grim, implacable monster, men are struggling all round the world.

It is of some value in this analysis to

distinguish between men as individuals and men in the mass. It is possible that the case of the individual comes home the more poignantly to us. You live, perhaps, in a busy city, in an extraordinarily busy epoch. Everybody is preoccupied, nay, absorbed. To say that a man is preoccupied is, for the most part, to say that he is occupied with himself. You turn down into some short stretch of side street. You see ahead of you, at intervals, three men. The head of each is bent slightly forward. The eyes of each are on the side-walk. If you could look more closely you would see that the lips of one of them at any rate, are moving. All of the three are in the grip of the struggle of life. They have taken chances : they do not know how they will eventuate. They have made promises : they are by no means sure they can fulfil them. The pressure of life, fierce or squalid, is upon them, and they are striving to escape. The vice of things is tightening ; they are wrestling to elude it, before the life-blood is wrung out of them.

Is there any fact more pathetic than the Isolation of the Individual ? He is isolated,

to begin with, by the very terms of his personality. There is a circle drawn about you. I cannot step inside it. There is a circle drawn about me ; you, even if you be my wife, my child, cannot step inside it. Man is isolated again, and abysmally, by Sin. You have a family and friends. You sustain a thousand relations. You sin : and lo ! you are alone. Sin is essentially, terrifically, alienating. There is no such thing as a social vice. All sin is solitary. Shakespeare knew this, and makes us feel it. That is why a character like Macbeth takes on the vestments of such representative, elemental gloom. Listen to him saying :

“ My way of life
Is fall’n into the sear, the yellow leaf,
* * * * * *
I ’gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o’ the world were now undone ”

and you hear the incorporate, speaking accents of a race of lonely men. But it is not merely his personality and his sin that isolate man ; he is isolated, insulated, by the whole fact of his effort, and by virtually every aspect of it. This is pre-eminently true of artistic

effort. The artist is, colossally, an egoist. When the creative impulse is upon him, he withdraws from all with a sort of fierce, self-sufficient separation. He wreaks himself upon his idea. All others, with their concerns, become forlorn, and, as it were, pitiable in his eyes. Then when the great impulse wanes he finds himself alone ; and often then he is filled with sadness because, while he may not have failed in any known, objective duty, he yet feels intuitively that he has committed a kind of sin by his self-sequestration. But there is no special need to particularise. All men, even the most unselfish, are egoists. Philosophically speaking, there is no such thing as unselfishness. The very effort to achieve unselfishness becomes selfish. This has no practical bearing as disparaging altruism ; but it is correct metaphysically.

The sum total of the struggle of the individual is sustained in part against external conditions. An example of these is Poverty, to which reference has been made already. In this connection note that the principle of Competition, which has hitherto been the secret of the progress of society, virtually

means War. Greek meets Greek ; diamond cuts diamond ; and the best or ablest or subtlest wins. Whether or not this principle can be eliminated is a question. Whether or not man can drop this motive without losing his vim, one cannot be sure.

The sum total of the struggle of the individual is sustained once more, in part against interior conditions. Here enter temperament, faculty, and temptation. Some men, of course, capitulate to their temperament, make terms with it, in effect follow the line of least resistance. But others wage open war with their temperaments all their lives. Some men, again, succumb at once to their talents. They find out early what they can do well, and they do that alone. They save themselves from shame by keeping consistently to their own precinct. But other men are of a different fibre. They will not accept the degree of fate. They will not live their life on the supposition that its lines are laid down irrevocably. And so they expose themselves to mortification by adventuring into new fields. And all men struggle with their Temptations. Many a man thinks he would

not be troubled much if he had to face only outer foes ; but, alas, these passions seated in his very frame, how can he worst them ? Many a man says in bitterness that he has been undone by some one weakness. He has fallen until he despises himself, and feels that he has absolutely no force left with which to continue the fight.

Struggle is imperative. Without struggle, no development. Without struggle, no common safety even. This is true physically. The man who is not forced to toil with his hands must adopt some form or other of exercise. For one thing there is a very close connection between flabby muscles and low morals. Health, if not the mother, is the close friend of virtue. A good physical constitution is a prime desideratum. The farmer's son is the best dowered man in the country. It is true intellectually. Without agony, no passing to a higher condition. The man who has no difficulties, sounds no depths and scales no heights. It is true morally. Many a man is ruined by his one infirmity ; but, then, also, many a man is saved in the same way. There are men who owe their

elementary safety, indeed all that they have and are, to their chief weakness. This result may be brought about in many ways. From his infirmity, and the shame it brings upon him, a man learns that he is not able to save himself. He is forced to look elsewhere, and the search saves him. From it also he acquires the two virtues of watchfulness and humanity. Then the man who is really worthwhile is not the neutral man, but the man who fights and conquers, and from his conquest derives poise and serenity and compassion.

Really to win in the struggle, something must be imported into the life. It would be gratifying if human nature were quite self-sufficient; but experience shows that it is not. Like father and child, like sovereign and subject, Soul and Saviour, one is constrained to think, are co-relative terms. To say this, is not necessarily to specify the Saviour. Something must be imported. Culture will not save you. There are crises—those, for example, of affliction and temptation—when culture will appear to you as extra-essential and disappointing as wealth itself. Prudential

considerations will not save you. The time will come, fierce and seductive, when your personal ambition, your plain interest, your concern about public opinion, your dread of consequences, will prove powerless to aid you. Here enters Religion. Here, in particular, enters the incomparable life and character of Jesus.

Similarly if society is to win in its great struggle, nay if it is elementarily to survive, something must be imported into it from without. The heart of man is, or at any rate becomes, desperately wicked. It is clear too, that there is such a thing as an epidemic of vice. Think of Sodom and Gomorrah in the days of Abraham ; of Corinth in the days of Paul ; of Rome in the days of Petronius Arbiter, and later. Sometimes it would seem that a similar era had come in our own age. The great modern capitals are cesspools of vice. Sometimes it seems as if the heart of the modern man is burnt out, and as if there can be before it nothing but catastrophe. The whirl of materialism and vice, especially in great cities, seems to have eaten the moral fibre of men. This shows itself in our abject

and stricken fear of death. Let the danger of death be so much as hinted, and panic reigns. Recall the scenes enacted in the Iroquois Theatre fire disaster at Chicago, a few years ago. The backs of women broken over chairs, and the faces of children crushed to a jelly by men in their passion to escape. Death strikes that precise sort of terror only when life is essentially unsound. The only guarantees of a wholesome, permanent and dignified civilisation lie in the out-spacing and uplifting of our collective life by great convictions, stern tasks, high enthusiasms, and sublime imaginations and beliefs.

In point of sober fact we should not complain because life is full of struggle. Beyond question the necessity of it is divinely imposed. From the beginning of history it is this that has elicited and braced men. It has enabled them to bridge abysses and to lead forlorn hopes. Ever and anon it has flung to the surface great towering figures—here a Moses and there a Paul; here a Dante and there a St. Francis; here a Cromwell and there a Milton. Our personal life swarms with dangers: let us be athletic and

meet them. Society is rife with anomalies : let us be robust and help to remove them. There is triumph in achievement. There is momentum in Victory. Let us resolve to effect the conquest of ourselves, and to labour to save society.

VII

THE FULL TIDE

THERE is scarcely anyone who, if he let his mind go back to the days of his boyhood, cannot recall some such scene as this : He sees a river—either broad and majestic, or narrow and rushing. Somewhere along its course there is a little cove or bay. And in this cove, for some reason or other, an eddy has formed. Slumbrously there gather and circle in this eddy discoloured foam, switches, chips, saw-dust, and the like. If the cove is large enough, and the current of the eddy sufficiently powerful, his boat will sometimes have circled lethargically there. Some summer afternoon, when the central volume of the river was in the full blaze of the sun and the waters of the cove were dark with shadows, he will have lain broadly on his back in the boat looking barely over the gunwale, half-aware and yet not acutely, of the difference between his own drowsy motion and the

mighty forward rush of the main and outer waters. What a contrast, in impetus, in association, in objective between the rubbish in the eddy, sequestered, motiveless, and the timber that rushes past yonder, to leap waterfalls, to run rapids, to shoot slides, and at last, when the teeth of the cant-hooks have bitten into it, when the saws have without compunction ripped it, when the planes have smoothed it, destined to be worked up for the purposes of men in some fair and central city !

Another picture to the same effect. A few weeks ago, I spent a night in a small village in Western Manitoba. We left the main line of the Canadian Pacific at MacGregor. Returning the next morning, at a certain point I glanced out of the window and saw that in a moment we should be once more on the main line. There lay the shining steel, running due west. I cannot quite describe the feelings that were roused in me. What a moral difference between the Branch Line and the great Transcontinental Thoroughfare ! The material difference was negligible. The car in which I sat was virtu-

ally the same as that in which I should have found myself had my face been turned toward Vancouver. The engines that drew me would, roughly speaking, be almost equally powerful. The rails on which the wheels ran would, for anything I knew, be similar in weight. And yet, what a difference! The road I had followed that morning would, if I retraced my steps, lead me through woods, over the sparsely settled plain, past handfuls of shacks, through tiny villages. That road yonder began at a capital, would end at a capital, and, in between, passed great factories and populous cities. If I waited a little there would thunder along a freight train, its cars laden with teas and silks from China and Japan, with lumber from the mountains of British Columbia, with spices from the islands of the Pacific. And presently again, with pant, and snort, and crashing impetus, and suggestion of imperious power of dispatch and cleavage, there would thunder by a great Transcontinental passenger train. If it were night the electric light would stream over the prairies from a hundred windows; and near the rear of the train I would catch a

glimpse of the flash of silver and the white vestments of waiters. Close to the giant engine there would be a mail car crammed, it may be to congestion, with correspondence from all quarters of the globe—with letters that would destroy the peace of families, that would change the boundaries of provinces, that would disturb the markets of great centres of exchange. And the coaches would be thronged with men and women hurrying to their objectives from all conceivable places—far-travelled men from every land, diplomats, framers of treaties, arbiters of policies, moulders of states. The Branch Line and the Transcontinental Thoroughfare!

The distinction which I have in mind is that between the Metropolitan and the Provincial. This is a distinction that obtains in all fields; and that may be almost infinitely applied. Of course, both terms are relative, not fixed or intrinsic. A thing, an institution, a man may be metropolitan when viewed from one standpoint, and by no means metropolitan when viewed from another. For example. My father at one time lived at a little place called Wakefield on the Gatineau,

one of the small northern tributaries of the river Ottawa. Once a month he used to preach in a district called Killala. Killala was not a *place* but just a part of the country. The way thither led through the woods and among the mountains. The road was in effect just two cart- or wagon-ruts. As often as not one could not see the wheel-tracks for the profusion of tall grass that flourished almost undisturbed. When the settlers of Killala gathered for the preaching, they had the air of coming from all sorts of out-of-the-way places—along narrow paths in the forest, and around the shoulders of great hills. Now Wakefield, where we lived, was but a tiny place. Imagine a narrow, rushing river—steep banked and bottomed, treacherous and shifting. Across the river a solitary cliff over which the Eastern sun rose. Before—mountains; behind—mountains. Indeed the little place was hemmed in and cupped by the mountains. Along the narrow ledge between the hills and the river ran a fine old mail-coach and lumber road. In the winter endless lines of sleighs would go by laden with supplies for the shanties. In the late

summer the men "on the drive" would pass by, "sweeping" the river with heave of handspike, swish of paddle, and volley of song. In the river-clinging village itself there was a little log church, a widespread old-fashioned parsonage, a store, a hotel, a log school hard put to it to hang on between road and river, and perhaps a dozen houses. Not a very important centre of population, you see; and yet Wakefield was metropolitan in comparison with Killala. Again, twenty-five miles to the south of Wakefield, at the end of a fine old gravel road, lay Ottawa, our lovely Canadian capital, with its chief glory Parliament Hill and the Parliament Buildings. When we went to Ottawa, we always started very early. Indeed, as often as not, we got there before the townsfolk were well awake. I can remember how we used always to see first the many-angled, pyramidal Library Building, cleaving the mists of the morning, looking out over the broad, saw-dust strewn breast of the river, away to the blue haze of the Laurentides, and down on those hives of humming industry, the flour and lumber mills of the Chaudière. Now Ottawa was

as much more metropolitan than Wakefield, roughly speaking, as Wakefield was than Killala. And then too, New York with its lofty office buildings, its elevated railroads, its congested streets, its spacious harbour, might be said to be as much more metropolitan than Ottawa, as Ottawa is than Wakefield.

Or change, for an instant, the character of the material. The other day a friend of mine was riding in, one evening, from Portage la Prairie to Winnipeg. Ideas began to stream, in his mind, and he got out pencil and paper. Resting a book on his knee he began to write. Across the corridor from him sat eight or ten Galicians. From the moment he began to write until he finished, they never took their eyes off him. Their chattering was all done with. They sat silent, and as if enchained. What was the secret? It was the silent homage of a childish but eager race at the sight of what they, at any rate, supposed to be expert intellectual process. He and what he was doing, seemed metropolitan to them. His mental habits were actually metropolitan compared with theirs. On the other hand, the intellectual processes,

the subtle divinations, the acute penetrations of a brilliant novelist like George Meredith in his "Richard Feverel" and his "Egoist," are as much more metropolitan than those of my friend, as are my friend's than those of his poor yet promising Galicians. The terms Metropolitan and Provincial are relative.

The Metropolitan in all domains is produced by propinquity, contact, competition. One does not quite like to add, by conflict; and yet one fears that conflict has much to do with it. One of the best and ablest of my acquaintances would say "not necessarily by competition and conflict." He would fain eliminate that. He has a gallant and chivalrous spirit and, withal, a fine prescience. He has moved among men, toiled, read, suffered. His thinking is, again and again, in strange identity with the thinking of the noblest. He looks to a day when competition will be hissed and hounded from the streets and markets of the world. He may be right, as he is so often found to be; only, I am not yet quite persuaded. It seems to me that the beast has been tamed by struggle and by rivalry; that the history

of the world is the history of attenuation; and that the method of attenuation, of refinement, has been internecine competition. However, leaving to one side that controversial aspect, one may safely say that the Metropolitan, wherever you find it, is the outcome of a species of attrition. Go down to the sea or lake-shore. There it may be, you will find millions, nay millions of millions, of pebbles. The pebbly body is literally never at rest, moved ever by the advance and recession of the waves. Pick up a handful. Not an angle, not a jut, not a cranny anywhere. The pebbles are polished to the last degree—each by the jostling and rolling of its fellows. This is an image of the Metropolitan as it reigns among men.

Just here let reference be made to a dictum that is ascribed to Cæsar: “Better be first in a little Iberian village than second in Rome.” Challenge that statement, and any other of its breed, wherever you meet it. It is not true save from the standpoint of envy, of jealousy, of narrow and corroding self-aggrandisement. It is not better to be the first Iberian than the second Roman.

“Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay” exclaims Tennyson in one of his well-known poems. Better fifty years of Europe than an æon of the China that has been—everyone knows very well why. And it was far better to be even the second or third or fourth Roman, than the very first Iberian. To be in Rome, was to be at the heart. To breathe in Rome was to find it at least possible to think and act imperially. To be in the little Iberian village, even if you strutted a despot there, was to be sequestered, away from the rush and current of things. A man’s entity is significant in proportion to the number of fibres that cluster in it, the number of streams that pulse through it.

Speaking generally, the purpose of all Institutions, of all organisations, is to enable the individual to overcome the handicap of pure individualism.

Thus, one of the purposes of organised society itself—this very complex society in the midst of whose meshes, cogs, wheels, pulleys, we find ourselves—is the surrender of rights and the specialisation of tasks with a view to the production of better results than

could be achieved on the basis of solitary effort. It may be remarked parenthetically that Free Trade for the world, Free Trade as an ideal—as an academic ideal, if you will—is based on this principle. Will the time ever come when the nations of the world will say to each other what the men of organised society have long since said to each other and to the state—France to Germany, England to the United States, and so on—“We can do so and so better than you : let us do it. You can do such and such another thing more easily and cheaply than we : we will let you do that.” All this arranged with due regard to situation, soil, climate, aptitude, and the like ; and followed by a system of unchecked interchange. Protection is Nationalistic Individualism ; and, philosophically considered, speculatively considered—one does not quite venture to say, practically considered—is as hostile to the prosperity of nations as sheer individualism is to the prosperity of the individual.

What, again, broadly regarded, is the purpose of the Church, if it be not to give to the individual in his struggle to come at God,

the impetus and momentum of collective effort? The real passion of the soul of man is for God. He may slake—or rather, think to slake—his thirst in many an earthly cup; in the cup of fame, in the cup of power, in the cup of wealth, in the cup of lust. But never will he find essential rest until he finds God. And so, man has ever striven up to God. But how hard He is to find! God—where is God? Is He above, is He below? Is He to the right, is He to the left? Is He in man, is He in the beast? Is He in the star, is He in the stone? Is He in history, is He in destiny? Heaven pity man, stark and alone, striving to find out God! But, to our comfort, let it be remembered that, from the dawn of his history, man has been so struggling. Thanks to this secular struggle, the sense of God, the religious faculty, has been sharpened and quickened. Men have drifted, by racial and mystic affinities, into groups, sects, denominations, Churches, creeds—all of which are so many great religious organs, religious media, means of access to God. Without the Church or its equivalent, the individual would be like Caliban. Read Browning's poem

“Caliban upon Setebos.” See that creature, half man and half beast, as he lies in the slime that, for the most part, he loves. As he wallows in the oozing mire, as he basks in the sunshine, as he tosses uneasily and hugely, stung by the fly that lights now on his nose, now on his ear, now on his hip, and as he thinks the while inchoately and muddily of his God, he is neither more nor less than an image of the individual soul reaching up to God unaided by the religious momentum of the race.

And the School, including in that term all institutions whose aim is instruction, is its object not this : to make the child and man heir to the Past, so that it is superfluous for him to do over again what has already been done ? What is the main reason for the difference between Savagery and Civilisation ? Why is it that man in the savage state is in effect immobile, stationary, whereas, with the swiftest lightning leap of your imagination, you can scarcely keep step with his progress under civilised conditions ? Why but this ? —that under savage conditions there is no organised provision for enabling the indi-

vidual to enter into the fruit of the labours of his predecessor. Each begins, to all intent and purpose, where his precursor began. In civilised society, on the other hand, the achievement of each man or each generation becomes simply the platform or standpoint for his or its successor. In Olive Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm" there is an exquisite fable of the quest of the Soul after Truth. She threads pathless forests, she essays to climb precipitous and sheer mountain sides. The Soul perishes without realising her Quest. All that is vouchsafed to her is one single plume dropped from the pinion of the Bird of Truth. The Soul perishes. And yet, it is not to be forgotten that every tree felled by her in the labyrinthine forest, every step carved by her in the face of the precipitous cliff, remains to the advantage of the Soul that comes after. She in turn will fall by the way without reaching the goal ; but at any rate she will have more nearly arrived, she will have penetrated further.

We have considered in this connection, Organic Society as a whole, the Church, and the School. Once more, by way of summary, let it

be said that the object of every Institution, by whatever name called, should be to put its members and beneficiaries, in fact all who come within the circle of its influence—and one cannot mention the words without feeling a flood of such exhilaration as one feels when, from stuffy interior, one steps for the first time out on the deck of a gallant vessel at the precise moment when, with cleaving prow and body that rushes to meet the swell, she emerges from a narrow river out into some sea-like gulf—to put them in the centre of the Stream where the full volume shall be directly felt.

And if you ask what is meant by the Stream, you may be asked in turn to let your mind revert to the homely image with which this discussion began—the image of the Cove and the Eddy.

Supposing you to have that in mind, one may say that the Stream means progress, system, power, health, expansion. Show me a young man who is going forward and not backward ; who is hewing to the line, it may be with set face, and not drifting aimlessly ; who is leonine and powerful, not impotent

and apologetic ; in whose cheek is the flush of health and not the pallor of anæmia ; whose powers are burgeoning and expanding, not shrivelling and withering ; and I will show you one who for some reason or another—perhaps by very grace of God—is moving in the centre of the Stream.

The working of this principle may be seen in many fields. Let us watch the play of it in a number. And first, in the relatively unimportant domain of Expression. Let us go up a scale, beginning at the lowest key. You are a farmer. Last spring you hired a young Scotch peasant or, to call him by the name that seems to fit him best, a young Scotch hind. He has proved to be a capital worker—steady and shrewd. And yet all the Summer and Autumn long, all that you have been able to draw out of him by way of talk, has been guttural monosyllables. The soul and mind of the man seem to be so deeply bedded within their rind that it is all but impossible for them to utter themselves. To talk, to him seems superfluous. He stands, as if in amaze, at the sight of fluency. Nor is it strange that it should be so. Well

nigh all his life—in solitude like Wordsworth's Highland Reaper—he has cut hay and grain by hand with a sickle in the heart of the hills. He has heard the rush of the torrent, he has heard the rustling of the trees, he has heard the sigh of the grass, he has heard the roar of the thunder, he has looked up at the stars, with bared brow he has met the sunrise, but he has not gabbled. Again, consider the case of the ordinary illiterate man. With what difficulty and awkwardness he expresses himself. Third key: the average country newspaper. How limited the range of its vocabulary. How trite, how platitudinous, how inept! Again running up the scale, take the ordinary Canadian book—the material that actually gets printed in Canada between covers. One leaves out, of course, our clever novelists, such as Ralph Connor, Norman Duncan, Gilbert Parker. They in this respect—mere mastery of the medium of words—are substantially in the running with any. But leave them to one side, and take the ordinary Canadian book—biography, history, essays, theology, philosophy. In the vast majority of instances

how provincial these books at once appear. How wanting in felicity, how failing in finish, how unmarked by the air of accomplishment. Of course there are exceptions such as that found in Blewett's noble volume "The Study of Nature and the Vision of God," a book which in respect of style—to which reference is now being made—need fear comparison with nothing written these many years in English. Nor must we forget the brilliance, the air of the thoroughly practised hand, that marks a biography like Willison's "Laurier" and in a less striking degree, Lewis's "George Brown"—books worthy of the traditions of English journalism. But in the main, Canadian prose has been provincial. Now turn to a representative modern English book. Leaving aside the towering masters of the past, open any book by a man like Lord Morley, James Bryce, or Goldwin Smith. What finished felicity of phrase you at once encounter, what complete metropolitanism in tone! We have thus run a gamut in this relatively unimportant, but still highly interesting, domain of Expression.

Alongside of Expression let us put Manners.

Manners, as Tennyson says, "are not idle," and one should be able to speak of them without being misunderstood. On the one hand there are people who are the climax of awkwardness. There is no need to emphasise that. On the other, there are men and women who are the very acme of elegance. Of course we must not be narrow in our standards here. The best sort of New York Club-man, or the best sort of English Duke, is not necessarily the only type to be admired. There are others that are worthy of all praise. Take George Eliot's Adam Bede, a carpenter that needed not to be ashamed. A man who stood up four-square. A man who walked erect because he never did a poor bit of work. A man, so clear-eyed and competent in his craft, that he could tell almost to a nicety the amount of lumber in a tree or stretch of woodland. His manners, one may suppose, were perfect in their way.

In this connection one is reminded of a remark made by Robert Louis Stevenson in an early essay—a remark of unusual penetration, even for him. He says that the manners of the London Duke are often as

out of place in the hut of the Hebridean fisherman, as would be those of the fisherman were he to find himself in the drawing-room of the Duke's town-house. And so he is moved to plead for what he calls finely "a centrality of manners," in other words, a type of manners that shall be of equal validity everywhere.

Next to Manners in this analysis, let us put Health. We are all agreed as to the influence exerted by the body on the mind ; so that the question of Health has a twofold and indeed altogether great importance. Thomas De Quincey followed the Romans in using the words "*corpus curare*" to signify in a collective way all the processes by which the body is kept in good condition—eating, drinking, sleeping, bathing, exercise and so on. Time devoted to the scientific care of the body is undoubtedly time well-spent. How many of us day after day abstain from the outdoor exercise we know we ought to take, because we have, as we think, no time. Many men, devoted mainly to intellectual labours, might, with reasonable wisdom in this regard, accomplish in one hour what they now fail

to achieve with distinction in two. Many business men might, with clear brains resident in bodies refreshed by daily exercise out of doors, pierce to the core of situations and unravel tangles that now baffle and depress them because for the most part their brains are muddled and their bodies overworn. Late at night you have often felt your body creep and tingle as if you were gasping for exercise. You should have gone out into the frosty night and run for a mile or two. Instead, too often, you have stopped the twitchings for the time being by plunging into a tub of ice-cold water. But there is room for fear that the relief got in that way has been only a delusion. Your frame craved movement; and could be satisfied only momentarily by a shock of cold. Your body was asking for bread and you gave it a stone. Exercise undoubtedly exerts a momentous influence on moral health. There is little question that much of the morbidity that is current, much of the deplorable in habit among boys and young men, much of the unnatural vice to which men resort, especially in great cities, is primarily a matter of health,

or rather of disease. Well, but some labouring man exclaims, why talk to me about exercise and the care of the body? Don't I work like a drudge from morning till night? Don't I slave so that I just fall on my food like a hog, so that I sleep like a log? Doesn't all my time go doing just three things—eating and drinking, working, sleeping? Yes, but even you may need advice. You may be a blacksmith, and the muscles may be bunched on your arm as big as a shoulder of mutton, and yet, the rest of your body may be starved, atrophied. Undoubtedly there is a great difference between the abnormal bunching of muscles, and the scientific distribution of muscular strength. The bodily aspect of Metropolitanism is perfect health, perfect physical condition brought about by scientific exercise and development.

Still under the leadership of this principle, let us now speak of Books, Literature, Reading. The idea is sometimes advanced that there is a tendency on the part of the bad in Literature to disappear. That the Good perpetuates itself; that the Bad destroys itself. This may easily represent a truth. For the moment

supposing it to be true, then, it may be said that the man who reads a bad book—a pernicious book, that is to say, which has not had time to efface itself—is throwing in his lot with the transitory, the evanescent. But leaving actively bad books out of the account, it is worth while to remind ourselves that we have no occasion to read anything but the best. Let other people do the experimenting. Let us spend our time on what competent judgment says is good. I suppose that if we, who are just in the full flush of manhood, were permitted to live the fullest length of time allotted to men, and if we had nothing to do save to read, we need never once give our attention to anything in the way of literature about whose merit there is any considerable question. What would be the mental temper, the intellectual outlook, the imaginative height, the spiritual grip and mastery of the man who had eschewed in reading all save the indubitably great—who had read the *Iliads* and the *Odysseys*, the *Æneids* and the *Divine Comedies*, the *Paradise Losts*, and the *Kings' Idylls*, the *Songs of Roland* and the *Beowulfs*; the *Histories* of *Herodotus* and

Thucydides, of Livy and of Tacitus, of Motley and Prescott and Carlyle and Froude and Macaulay ; the Tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles, of Marlowe and Shakespeare and Ben Jonson and Webster ; the novels of George Eliot and Thackeray and George Meredith ; the poetry of Tennyson and Browning, of Goethe and Victor Hugo ; and then as full a complement as might be of the great solitary books that refuse classification, that despise popularity, and that transcend time, like the "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius, and the "Imitatio Christi" of à Kempis ! There are three or four little hints that might be dropped here with regard to reading. Literature is a labyrinth, and even the tried man may easily enough get lost. Before you know where you are, you will find yourself in the merest of by-paths. Accept guidance, then. Don't be above following clues. Find some wise teacher, and follow his direction. An admirable man in this rôle, as in many others, is W. J. Dawson. He has written three fine books that are of value here : "The Makers of English Poetry," "The Makers of English

Fiction," and "The Makers of English Prose." In those books you have the sanest sort of guidance. He makes the best men stand out distinctly ; and in turn, their best books he has the art of throwing into the clearest relief. For many a long day you can feed on what Dawson says is good. Again, don't trust Public Libraries too much. There is a sense in which the great Lending Library is a curse. Follow Ruskin's counsel and get a good share of books that will be your own. Keep books lying round on the tables for casual, momentary reading. A notebook kept in the pocket, for jotting down names of books, suddenly suggested or remembered, is not a bad thing. In a word, we should put ourselves at all pains to avoid in this matter of Literature, the pocket, the cul-de-sac. Let us keep in the central and catholic stream of the world's recorded thought.

And now there has been left to the last a subject vastly more important than any of those already alluded to—namely, Religion. It is beyond any question possible for us all so to place ourselves where the central, catholic, and electric currents of God's will

and purpose will so enter into and through us that, in the first instance, our natures shall burgeon and develop to their fullest and furthest, and in the second, that we shall become distributing centres of mighty influence and enormous power. The man who affiliates himself with God will succeed, the man who divorces himself from God is bound to fail. And if a man does so consciously affiliate himself with the central and basal Personality of the universe, it is not for you, it is not for me, it is not even for organised bodies of men and women such as you and me, to ask petty questions as to the method, the time, and the place. We may be satisfied that if a man—in the silence of his own nature, with his eyes upturned to the stars, in one or a number of those moments when his conscience is outrolled before himself and his Maker, when the breast is laid bare, and the secrets of the heart are disclosed—if a man does so link himself up with catholic and irradiating currents, then we can afford to leave on one side our beggarly questionings as to the how and the when and the where. And it is beyond question

that if we do so put ourselves in conjunction with the supremely vitalising currents, then, by so doing, we are embarking in safety and opulence on the broad breast of a mighty river which will move us forward in growing comfort, affluence, and power to the broad bosom of a still mightier sea.

VIII

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF CHRISTIANITY

ONE of the most puzzling characteristics, in a sense, of our constitution as men, is our frequent, if not habitual, failure to see significance in humble things. We are fascinated by the distant and the grandiose: the near and the immediate leave us unmoved. And yet the commonplace is vastly more important than the dramatic. The conspicuous and the arresting could far better be banished than the ordinary and the pedestrian. There can be no question as to which bulks the larger. All great movements, institutions, and enterprises are maintained and propagated by an infinitude of humble proceedings. Behind almost every great undertaking stands some one man whose initiating idea was sufficiently simple. There is nothing more striking than the capital simplicity of most great organisations.

Usually, it is the elaborate that fails. The great railroad promoter and magnate, for example, is, more often than not, dominated by a few very simple conceptions. It is men of the second class whose working ideas are intricate. To repeat : all great movements and enterprises have their humble aspects. Rightly viewed, these obscure aspects are charged with the dramatic significance that marks the whole ; but the unfortunate thing is, that this significance of the detail, we fail to recognise. Thus a military campaign of magnitude is something other than a mere succession of great engagements. The war between Russia and Japan would have been very different from what it was had it consisted of nothing save the final onslaught upon Port Arthur, the battle of the Yalu, and the sanguinary conflict, involving perhaps a million men, that was fought before the gates of Mukden. What about picket duty, scouting, foraging, maintaining the lines of communication, keeping the commissariat in a condition of efficiency, and so on ? But the law of human nature is that it is the conspicuous that enchains

the major part of our attention. On a certain street in your city there is a great departmental store. The volume of its business is enormous. It is a triumph of organisation. All accidents and circumstances seem to minister to its advantage. Every movement that is made results in its enlargement. You go to one of its departments. Behind a counter in a little box of a space, you will find a slip of a girl. She is selling some one trifling article. She waits on you, and you withdraw. Now it is hard for you to realise, it is hard for the girl herself to realise, that what she is doing has any significance. And yet it is true that only if she and a thousand or fifteen hundred or two thousand others, similarly placed, do their limited work with fidelity and dispatch, will the undertaking as a whole assume the proportions to which reference has been made. We should be a great deal wiser, and life would be very much more worth while than it is, if we could be endued with the capacity to see the importance that resides in small things.

Christianity has its grandiose aspects. It has had its stirring epochs, and its dramatic

incidents. That was a dramatic moment in the history of Christianity when it was officially recognised as the state religion of the Roman Empire. That was a dramatic moment when the monk Augustine first set foot on the soil of Britain, and prepared to undertake the Christianisation of the Anglo-Saxons, with all that that has involved of emancipation and good government for the world. That was a dramatic moment when Karlus Magnus, with one stroke of his sword, with one fiat of his lips, converted to Christianity the Saxons as they swarmed in the forests of Germany. That was a dramatic moment when Charles the Hammerer in 732 on the field of Tours, at the head of the chivalry of France, met the Saracens, and determined, once for all, that the civilisation of Europe should be Christian and not Mussulman. That again was a dramatic moment when the obscure monk Martin Luther consigned to the flames the papal bull of excommunication, and definitively launched the Protestant Reformation.

In a way it would be gratifying if Christianity could always be spectacular.

We choose by natural preference ages that attest themselves as heroic. Forlorn hopes and martyrdoms attract men. One easily becomes part of a vivid corporate contagion. It is obscurity that tries. To strike the decisive finishing stroke has an infinite power of allurements. It is the necessity of suspended judgment that wears. It would be inspiring if Christianity could always, obviously, have its sword upon its thigh. But, in the main, Christianity has advanced by a multitude of humble steps. Obscure devotion, humble fidelity have, for the most part, been the secrets of its progress. And it is hard for us, for the moment, to penetrate to the value of these steps. We lose the connection; we fail, by a sort of perversity, to see the drift. On any occasion when we are challenged to associate ourselves in a practical way with the world movement of Christianity, we find it difficult to make ourselves believe that anything that we may do, can be of any special value in that connection. We ought to pray for a baptism of insight. We ought to prick ourselves into alertness. We ought to awaken to a sense of the dramatic. Every moment

ought to be crucial, every occasion pivotal. Life becomes high, grave, resultful, only in proportion as it is seen to be urgent. We have to struggle hard to persuade ourselves that in a given city, on a given street, in a given building, we, as plain people, can take any steps or do any bit of work that will substantially affect great world-fortunes. And yet it is true that so closely interwoven are all men and all things, that the humblest transaction instantly relates itself to the whole world process. A sense of the solidarity of the race is a compelling spring of great achievement. And how sublime, how invigorating it is to affiliate ourselves, overtly and specifically, with the movement of the whole ! The aggressive is exhilarating. The sense of extension stimulates. The domestic is one thing : the foreign is another. It is one thing to fell the forest, to drain the morass, to mark out highways, to found cities, to organise communities, to police and make safe and habitable the realm ; it is another and more fascinating task to push the confines of empire into new and remote regions. And by a law of our constitution, the outward

movement fortifies the inner. From the fight on the outer marches our blood is inoculated with a new vigour. In all fields, by a happy though subtle recoil, the domestic thrills with the impetus of the aggressive.

We should allow nothing to blind our eyes to the stupendous significance of Christianity. To begin with, let us realise that it is one of the great world-creeds. Let us first put it simply among the great racial and ethnological faiths. It is indispensable that this be done by the mind and imagination of Christendom, as an initial step. A certain enlargement of view will follow from this alone. And this, elementary as it seems, inadequate as it seems, is a sense that figures scarcely at all to-day. We have been shabby in our attitude to Christianity. We have entered apathetically into its splendid heritages. We have reaped its harvests lackadaisically. We have looked on Churches and chapels as burdens. We have accepted them as facts, and then regarded them, as it were querulously. We have proven ourselves as not having the seeing, the penetrating eye. The appreciation of the world character, designs, and capacity

of Christianity has virtually disappeared from Christendom. This appreciation must be revived. There will be a distinct advance in the fighting effectiveness of our Faith, just so soon as we, its exponents, put it, in our thinking and our attitude, on a level with Buddhism and Mohammedanism. This is a rather sad confession to make, but it must be made as a preliminary to a better era. First of all let us put Christianity, say, where the Turk puts Mohammedanism. And then when we have properly ranged it alongside its world peers, alongside the other great solicitors for the world's favour, we shall presently see that by its altruism, by its simplicity, by the succinctness of its spiritual impulse, it is fitted to worst all competitors. The sole condition of realising the superiority of Christianity is that we, its followers, should do bare justice to it as the votaries of other great faiths at least appear to do justice to them. Let us examine, even if in a fragmentary way, some of the aspects of the significance of Christianity.

Christianity is the only great world-creed that has preached the splendid gospel

of Cosmopolitanism. Contrast with it, for example, in this respect, Judaism. The constant word of Judaism was the superiority of the Jew. It is a commonplace that the Hebrew race so brooded over its uniqueness that, with the passage of centuries, its racial peculiarity became as it were fiercely marked. The original triumph of Christianity dealt a death-blow to the ancient gospel of the Closed Door. Racial exclusiveness was the hall-mark of the pre-Christian world. Then think of Hindooism, with its iron system of caste. Think of the Mohammedan with his traditional attitude toward the "dog of an unbeliever." Think of Japanese Religion which, as a term and as a force, is almost convertible with Japanese Patriotism. How different the message and the attitude of Christianity! In the eye of Christianity all men are brothers. Race, colour, language, fall away as incidents. Of course, Christianity has realised itself only fragmentarily. Christendom is full of anomalies. But it is already a triumph to know that they are anomalies, and to brand them in the face as such. Christianity is only in process of vitalising

and transforming its own areas. Most of us are only nominal Christians. Snobbishness and superciliousness reign in many quarters ; and wherever they reign, they are anti-Christian. In the South a negro must take up his lodging in a separate hotel. When he travels by train he must go in the " Jim Crow " car. This is all un-Christian. Every time we treat a negro less well than we treat a white man ; every time we draw back with a shiver of repulsion from the Asiatic ; every time we treat snobbishly a Hungarian peasant, or our Galician servant, we stab in the heart the creed we profess. We must come to it. The victory must be won. Christianity will not leap forward with its final and true collective impulse until its exponents are prepared to treat with complete comradeship men of all creeds and all bloods. The distance at which we find ourselves to-day from this ideal need perhaps cause no particular surprise. We all know, from an interior point of view, with what infinite difficulty and slowness old stubbornnesses are overcome. And these perversities are even more inveterate when objectified in the prejudices of

society. But it cannot be doubted that the leaven of cosmopolitanism, of uncompromising comradeship, is vigorously at work in Christendom.

Christianity is the only commanding world-creed that has advocated the symmetrical development of man's nature.

She has placed a crown on man's body. About the body of man she has spoken two words—instrument and temple. Since it is an instrument, it must be kept subsidiary : its place is second or third, not first ; and it must be kept fit. Since it is a temple, it must be kept sacred. Every time you lay a hand of guilty violence upon your fellow, every time you lay a sacrilegious hand upon yourself, every time you neglect a law of health, you sin against the whole impact of Christianity.

She has placed a crown on the intellect of man. The whole inspiring history of modern invention is a tribute to Christianity. She has emancipated and quickened all that she has touched. Wherever she comes the glazed eye sparkles, the inert face grows mobile, the hand turns to deftness, the fancy

grows agile, the Imagination takes wing. The other night off one of the harshest reaches of the North Atlantic Coast, a splendid thing happened. One ocean liner was rammed by another. As that other pulled away from the socket she herself had made, the fierce winter water poured in tides into the hold of the stricken vessel. But on the deck of this there was a "wireless" operator. He began sending out on all sides radiatory messages of distress. And instantly almost, from all points of the compass there began to flutter to the side of this wounded bird of the sea, other great birds of the sea, whole and strong and full of saving. Before morning broke upon what might easily have been a scene of utmost desolation, nearly two thousand souls had been rescued. Gallant Man! audacious Man! superb Man! It is not too much to say that that feat was the absolute outcome of Christianity.

Christianity has placed a crown upon the spirit of man. She has whispered in his ear that that spirit is immortal. And of what infinite consequence this is, and has

been ! At the whisper of life eternal, passion is touched to love, cupidity yields place to generosity, despair turns to hope, the closed wall opens to the stretching, radiant vista, and over all the commonplace is poured the deathless, haunting light of the Ideal. Deeply, deeply Christianity has engraven on the mind of the Occident the lesson that personality cannot and will not be extinguished. The persistence of Individuality has become almost the primal passion of the West. Here an abyss opens between Occident and Orient. Broadly speaking it may be said that the sweetest dream of the Oriental—crushed by the iron fabric of things—is that, some day, some day, he may cease to be.* Hence springs all quiescence, all apathy, all death. Whereas, again broadly speaking, the representative Occidental would rather go to Hell itself than cease to be. Thereout springs all vigour, all resistance, all progress.

Christianity alone among the towering world faiths has pushed into the forefront of its programme the great doctrine of the equality of the sexes. There can, we have long

* The Mohammedans, of course, offers an exception.

since learnt, be no permanent civilisation where woman is regarded either as a chattel or as a toy. We know that there is great organised vice in Christian countries. But at the same time we know that, to the extent that it flourishes, it flourishes under the ban of Christianity. Nor between it and Christianity will there ever be armistice or truce. Whereas, in pagan countries, as has been pointed out again and again, the vices of passion flaunt themselves most of all in the very shadow of temples. Tennyson in his "Princess" has given this unsurpassed picture of the relation of the sexes :

"For woman is not undevelop't man,
 But diverse : could we make her as the man,
 Sweet Love were slain : his dearest bond is this,
 Not like to like, but like in difference.
 Yet in the long years liker must they grow ;
 The man be more of woman, she of man ;
 He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
 Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world ;
 She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
 Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind ;
 Till at the last she set herself to man,
 Like perfect music unto noble words ;
 And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
 Sit side by side, full summ'd in all their powers,

Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other ev'n as those who love."

No creed other than Christianity, has ever flourished on this globe, that could produce the poet that could paint that picture. The characteristic resultants of Oriental religions have been the immolation of infants in the Ganges, the burning of widows on the funeral pyres of husbands, the binding of the feet of babies, the jealousy, the espionage, the capricious tyranny of the seraglio. The characteristic resultant of Christianity is the Occidental home.

The Christian is the only great religion that comes to the world with a message absolutely simple. And is it not clear that if the swarming masses of the world are to be rescued at all they must be rescued by a word incomparably simple? Now what is Christianity but this: absolute unselfishness? The man that were perfectly unselfish were perfectly Christian. Did you ever think of it in that way? If there be at this moment anywhere on this globe, on frozen shore of

Arctic sea, on bank of mighty Southern river, in the depths of the forest, or at the heart of the desert, any man, black or white or yellow, Esquimaux, Kaffir, Korean, whose heart is compact of unselfishness, that man is wholly Christian, even though he has never heard the name of Jesus. And the reverse is just as true. To the extent that we are selfish we are not Christian. If there is at this moment anywhere on this globe a man, it matters not who or what he is, whether high priest at the altar in the temple, whether Bishop of the Establishment, whether prince of the Church, seated on a throne and clothed in purple, whose heart is compact of selfishness, then that man is a pagan, even if every instant he mouth the name of Christ. Let there be no mincings on this capital point, nor any fictions. In the precise degree that we are unselfish we are Christian: in the precise degree that we are selfish we are simply pagan. Christianity is the gospel of vital altruism. Pastor Wagner in "The Simple Life" says:

"At the very heart of the Christian faith, the most sublime of its teachings, and to him

who penetrates its deepest sense, the most human, is this : To save lost humanity, the invisible God came to dwell among us, in the form of a man, and willed to make Himself known by this simple sign : Love."

And herein, one is constrained to think, lies the sign that Christianity is the ultimate religion, herein resides the promise of the world-conquest that it is destined to effect. Meredith Townsend, in his striking book on "Europe and Asia," questions whether Christianity can capture the East. He thinks West and East too polarly sundered for any Western faith to conquer the East. With respect to this, two remarks at any rate may be made. One fails to see, in the first place, why a creed that originated in the East may not, in the long run, once more become acclimatised in the East. Surely the accident, so to say, that it has sojourned long in the West, has not necessarily robbed it of all its primal quality. And again, anyone can understand the central message of Christianity. Christianity does not go East, or South, or North, bearing an intricate lesson. There is nothing erudite, or occult, or cabal-

istic about Christianity. He that loseth his life shall find it ; he that findeth his life—in the sense of using it for his own aggrandisement — shall lose it : this is a word that annihilates time and space and race and colour.

It is our obvious duty to lift the propaganda of Christianity up to a new level, up into a new spaciousness, and to invest it with a new air and interest. Without grandiloquence it may be said that when we contribute money to the outward movement of Christianity, it is no longer tarnished silver, it is no longer crumpled paper, it is no longer filthy lucre, that we so contribute. Our gift is surely transformed by its object, it is surely transmuted by its mission, that object and mission being no less a thing than this : to carry to the remotest quarters of the globe—in the impressive phrase of the ancient Hebrews “from the rivers unto the ends of the earth,”—the message of a Saviour, not dead but living, not beaten but triumphant, the message of a Saviour at once divine and human. Think of the abyss that yawns between Christian and non-Christian con-

ditions. Think of the circumstances that surround us: our streets policed, our homes guarded, our property secured, our individuality respected; education open, social intercourse made beautiful, municipal and political liberty guaranteed; the door flung wide to initiative, literature and art stimulated, thought free. On the other hand, in filth, in wretchedness, in squalor, in darkness both of the body and of the mind, under the heel of tyranny, under the worse heel of unopposed passion, nearly three-quarters of a billion of our fellow-men—and not men only, but women and little children—stretch out their hands to us for gifts that to us are free as air, but that to them are denied—gifts which, if they do not go from us to them can scarcely go to them from any. Surely Christianity is on the verge of a new era! Our responsibility is not in the air, it is not nebulous. It is articulate and defined. All circumstances and inducements conspire to usher in the new epoch of a militant, unselfish and triumphant Christianity.

IX

THE NEW MILITANT ASPECT OF CHRISTIANITY

ONE can hardly fail to be impressed with the variety of the motives that urge us in these days to a renewed, if not a totally new, activity in the promotion of the missionary propaganda of the Church.

Beginning on the lowest plane, it may be said that the Laymen's Missionary Movement, which aims at the enlisting of the total membership of the Churches in support of this propaganda, appeals to denominational pride. This is a motive, fortunately, which is not much in evidence in these times ; and yet there may well be some that find themselves moved by it. The principle of partition of non-Christian territory has been pretty definitely recognised in Missionary work for some time. It has come to be fairly generally admitted that there should be no denominational overlapping in pagan countries. This

same policy the Laymen's Missionary Movement proposes to accentuate. According to its programme the whole territory of paganism is to be divided with some strictness. Thus forty million heathen have been assigned as representing the reasonable responsibility of the evangelical Churches of Canada. Each of these Churches will assume a definite share of that number ; and the genius of this Movement is pre-eminently that that share shall be located in a recognised area. This opens a flattering prospect to the denominations as such. It is not, when one comes to think of it, a matter devoid of significance that there should be an Indian Presbyterianism, that there should be a Chinese Methodism, and so on and so on. It is not an idle thing to be a member of a great and widely diffused religious communion. Congregationalism in Canada is a slight thing. One often wonders why so fine a thing should be content to be so slight. But what a comfort it must be to that body in this country to know that in point of fact it clasps hands in sympathy with great sister communions, far from slight like itself, in the United States and in Great

Britain. And everyone recognises that one of the great secrets of the impressiveness of Roman Catholicism lies precisely in its world-wide diffusion. The Laymen's Missionary Movement, then, with its accentuation of the policy of partition, opens out a flattering future even from the low ground of the denominational point of view.

This Movement stands for the application of common business sense to the Missionary problem. No sooner was it launched than there occurred to its promoters the idea of sending out an investigating commission. Sixty or seventy prominent business men have visited the Missionary countries with a view to analysing the situation. They have paid their own expenses. They have gone with no set ideas. They have not worked in combination with each other. They have been free to reach their own individual conclusions. The results of their findings have not yet been published ; but it stands to reason that they will constitute a most influential document especially from a practical and administrative point of view. The extent to which this movement stands for a sane

business policy in the matter of Missionary activity is seen in the point of partition to which allusion has already been made. The share of paganism allocated to Canada is forty millions. One missionary, with his quota of native helpers, can meet the needs of 25,000 people. Divide 25,000 into 40,000,000 and you have 1,600. The Canadian Evangelical Churches should have 1,600 missionaries in the field. One missionary with his assistant quota as above, costs \$2,000 a year. 1,600 multiplied by \$2,000 means \$3,200,000. The Home Mission work of these Churches, it is estimated, calls for \$1,300,000 a year. \$3,200,000 plus \$1,300,000 equals \$4,500,000. There are 900,000 Protestant Church members in Canada. 900,000 divided into \$4,500,000 gives you \$5 per member as the financial Missionary responsibility for us in this country.

The launching of the Laymen's Missionary Movement means that we are going to try to do well what, until now, we have been playing at. Someone has not inaptly remarked that the Church "has been in the retail business long enough." The conditions

obtaining in general hitherto have been shabby enough in all conscience. In the average country and village Church you have one service a year devoted to missions. Result : the whole militant activity of Christianity turns, so far as that post is concerned, on the merest accident of weather, temper, and the like. This Movement suggests that a regular weekly or monthly offering be substituted for this isolated subscription. It is proposed that the burden of raising "Missionary money" shall be lifted off the shoulders of the minister, or of the minister plus some one or two men, or of the minister plus a few devoted women, and placed where it belongs, on the shoulders of the rank and file of the men of the Church. This new era must proceed on the basis of a largely increased knowledge ; and so it is proposed that in each Church there should be at least one service a month devoted in some form or other to missions. The militant ideal of the Church is the ideal that is most calculated to fascinate men. The Church should be an effective fighting body. If it is that, then each individual Church is, in a very important sense, a military

post. Should the garrison at such a post not hear at least once a month a report, not about this or that guerilla war, not about this or that foraging expedition, but as to the way the battle is swaying on the wide and inspiring field of the world?

This Movement has the approval of the most competent men. Its general committee comprises ninety or a hundred of the most representative men in Canada and the United States. A similar remark may be made about its executive committee of ten or twelve. It will not be amiss in this connection to refer to a striking address delivered in New York, under the auspices of this Movement, by President Taft. It must be remembered that Mr. Taft has been a practical administrator in the Philippines; and that his experience there has been supplemented by an important tour in the Orient. Mr. Taft from his standpoint as a practical administrator, gave his unqualified imprimatur to the Missionary programme. He gave the lie direct to the charge that missionaries have proved themselves fomenters of disturbance between the East and the West. He said that missionaries

were the best informed men in the world with regard to general conditions in the Orient. He pointed out as a practical proof of the political value of Christianity, that in the Philippine Islands the United States has 7,000,000 Christian subjects that are eager to govern themselves ; whereas in those same islands she has 1,000,000 pagan subjects who are prepared to submit to absolutism. Perhaps more important than any of these was Mr. Taft's remark that, in these days of keen commercial competition, when every manufacturing industry of consequence in the country is sending its advance agents into the Orient, it is desirable that many men should be sent there who will be more representative than these commonly are, of the higher aspects of Occidental civilisation.

The Laymen's Movement, setting itself as it does to enlist the whole body of the Church in the interest of missions, has no slight bearing on the great question of the maintenance of the world's peace. During the last few years no large question has rested so like a nightmare on the imagination of thoughtful men as the fear of an ultimate hostile shock

between the East and the West. There is no doubt about it, the East and the West are divided by a deep abyss. The racial cleavage between the two seems almost complete. Meredith Townsend has done well, in his signally brilliant book on Europe and Asia, to call attention to this, though he is, doubtless, somewhat too disintegrating in his general outlook. The situation, as between Orient and Occident, is charged with peril. The basin of the Pacific has become tremendously strategic. Grouped about it are the yellow races and the white. From British Columbia, California and Australia the Anglo-Saxon looks out truculently; though he is none too well furnished to implement his truculence. In the islands of Japan, on the mainland of China, in the peninsula of Hindustan, the yellow men stand in swarms. The victory of Japan over Russia has had an enormous effect in stimulating the *amour-propre* of Asiatic nations. China, the long sleeping giant, is at last shaking the tresses of her strength. The development of the Press, the inauguration of school-systems, the inclusion of the Christian Bible in the curricula

in great, populous provinces, the initiation of the banishment of opium—these are signs of the greatest significance. What from four to five hundred millions of people, wakened to competence and by any chance angered, can do, baffles imagination. In India the air is full of portent: 250 millions of people are growing ominously turbulent with the passion for self-government. Especially in view of these things the exclusionist attitude which has reached such an acute stage in British Columbia, California and Australia is freighted with danger. To tell the yellow man that he is not good enough to consort with us, is to aim a blow directly at his national and continental pride. For such courtesies there is, in the last resort, no arbitrament but the sword. No Hague tribunal is competent to efface racial insults. What possibility is there of peaceful intercourse with peoples whom you tell that they are not as good as you because their skin is yellow and because their eyes are mere slits in their heads? This is by no means to say that Asiatics should be admitted indiscriminately now. But, assuredly, the restriction must

be exercised delicately, not brutally. Now, what is the basis of the exclusionist attitude? Is it not at bottom an economic question? The Asiatics are undesirable because their standards of comfort and living are lower than ours. This would make them if admitted in large numbers, an undoubted industrial menace. What is to thank for the standard of comfort in these countries of ours? Indubitably the answer must be Christianity. Give Christianity reasonable and competent way in those lands, then, and their standard of comfort will rise. When it has risen there will have disappeared the economic, in other words the chief, motive of an irritating attitude which is unquestionably fraught with difficulty and danger.

The practical adoption of a rational attitude toward the extension of Christianity has a profound bearing on our national safety and well-being here at home. The Laymen's Movement includes in its programme largely increased givings to Home Missions as well as to Foreign. The two are to advance with equal step. It is a question whether many among even the most intelligent Canadians

are duly conscious of the gravity of the situation that confronts us in this country. No serious publication has yet appeared in the Dominion, setting forth the facts with regard to our foreign populations.* With a population of approximately six millions, it is computed that we are receiving as large a foreign influx as the United States did when her population was thirty millions. That is, the task of assimilation is likely to prove five times as difficult for us as for them, and we often think that they have not succeeded any too well. It is not possible under our system of government, it is not desirable under any system of government, that large elements of population should be denied their share of power. It is inevitable that they have political power. Let us see to it that they are well Canadianised, and then, more power to them! Now, the two chief Canadianising organs are the Church and the School. There can be small hope with respect to the character or capacity of the

* Since the writing of this an admirable initial survey has been made by J. S. Woodsworth under the title: "Strangers Within Our Gates."

future citizenship of this country unless every child is required to go to school, and unless the Mission Boards are equipped with enough money to provide communities with Churches and ministers.

It is high time that Christianity should move forward with a new momentum. The East is assuming with marvellous rapidity the externals of the West. But will she appropriate the high animating spirit of the West? What is, pray, this high animating spirit? The answer again is Christianity. Of course the charge is often made that our civilisation is not really Christian. Robert E. Speer disposes of that charge in masterly fashion. He points out this tremendous difference between East and West. There is not a single vice of the West to which Christianity is not opposed. Whereas the darling and gigantic vices of the East flourish precisely under the ægis of the religions of the East. This is an ultimate and fundamental distinction; and it will have prodigious consequences in the future. The leavening principle of our civilisation is Christian. The East is putting on Western externals: will

she become imbued with the Christian motive? Christianity has a magnificent response for every vice in the thought and practice of the East. She has an answer for Japanese materialism: it is, that "man does not live by bread alone." She has an answer for Indian rationalism: it is, that "he who leaves out the supra-sensual and transcendental, perishes." She has an answer for Japanese legalised prostitution: it is, "war to the death." She has an answer for Chinese footbinding: it is, "the Christian home."

The Laymen's Missionary Movement with its heroic programme is really a reversion to the spirit of the early Church. And whenever the Church wishes to be effective, she must resort to the methods of the first centuries! Those were the Church's gallant days! Those were the days when there was flung about her brow a flood of deathless glory! Think what a little band of men and women did after Pentecost. They girt their sword upon their thigh and went up—against what? Against the whole force of the Roman Empire, the mightiest, the vastest, the most ruthless instrument of repression

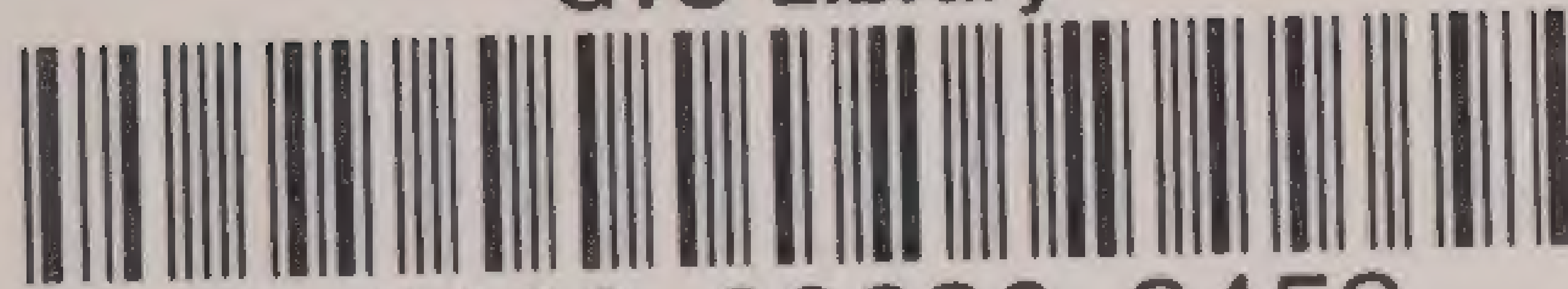
that the world has ever seen. And under the shadow of the Cross, and with the symbol of the Cross, they conquered. Because the day came, and it was not so long postponed, when the haughty knee of Constantine bowed before the humble but beneficent figure of Jesus of Nazareth ! If a tiny band of men and women could do that, what can the 900,000 Church members of Canada, what can the 3,000,000 Church members of America not do ? The fact is, the successful conduct of the Laymen's Missionary Movement means the serving of notice on the myriad hosts of heathenism, that the united body of Protestant Christianity is advancing against them—to achieve their salvation.

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